

PS 3174

.W83 V6

Copy 1

13  
185  
1031

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

*Chap.* PS3174

*Shelf* W83V6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











# VOICES

FROM

# SPIRIT-LAND.

THROUGH

NATHAN FRANCIS WHITE,

"

MEDIUM.

"In earth and heaven, sea and air,  
God's Spirit moveth—everywhere!  
And speaketh, wheresoe'er a voice  
Uplifts to sorrow or rejoice."—SCHILLER.

NEW YORK:  
PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN,  
300 BROADWAY.

1854.



PS 3174  
W83 V6

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY  
PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED  
STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

---

NEW YORK STEREOTYPE ASSOCIATION,  
201 William Street.

~~~~~  
HOLMAN, GRAY & Co., Printers  
New-York.

TO THE  
FRIENDS OF TRUTH  
AND

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM

(WITHOUT WHICH ALL OTHER FREEDOM IS AS A SHADOW),

THESE

Voices from Spirit-Land,

IN SO FAR AS

THE MEDIUM  
THROUGH WHOM THEY WERE UTTERED  
IS CONCERNED,

ARE

Humbly Inscribed.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

How beautiful and consoling to believe, with Coleridge, that there is a Spirit-ladder—

“That from this gross and visible world of dust,  
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,  
Builds itself up, on which the unseen powers  
Move up and down, on heavenly ministries;  
The circles in the circles, that approach  
The central sun, with ever-narrowing orbits.”

Such, perchance, was the ladder Jacob saw in rapt vision; and such, to the aspiring soul, have ever pierced the skies, linking the visible with the invisible, the mortal with the immortal. Those were blessed eras in the history of humanity, when a simple and true faith opened the eyes of the pure to behold, and unloosed their tongues to converse with, the angels and ministering spirits of the Almighty, and even to hold direct communion with God himself. In all Christendom, men believe in the reality of those eras, and accept as sacred the revelation which records to us the familiar intercourse between the inhabitants of earth and the inhabitants of heaven. Nor is such belief irrational, if it be indeed true that God is alike the Creator and Father of all spirits. The sublime prayer of the accepted Son of God, “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven,” confirming the Old Testament by the New, teaches us that the realm of divine bliss—the true Spirit-Land—is neither here nor there, but everywhere, and that as “the pure in heart shall see God,” whatever the outward condition of our being, so is heaven, the immortal Paradise, wherever in the universe a pure spirit dwells. In no revelation is it taught that communion between mortals and immortals has been, or will be, denied to the pure in spirit. Nor has any revelation taught, nor does human reason teach,

that an intercourse, once enjoyed, may not at all times and forever, be enjoyed under similar circumstances and conditions. And how much stronger is our faith in the power of communion between spirits of earth and heaven, when we are taught that the Spirit-Land is open not only to the vision of the pure and perfect, but that God and his angels have deigned to repeatedly renew their primal intercourse with the erring and imperfect? Truly the Psalmist could say of the blessed God: "If I make my bed in hell, He is there;" or, "If I take the wings of the morning, and flee away, He is there"—his love is without weariness, and "His mercy endureth forever."

All revelations, or scriptures, and the ever-open and unalterable pages of nature, upon which religions, or faiths in the hereafter, are founded, teach, in some degree, a relation and intercourse between the finite and the Infinite, through the medium of spirit. This is the vital essence of the Christian's belief. Without this, his religion is as cold and unconsoling as the most skeptical philosophy that ever sacrificed upon the altar of human pride the universal instinct of humanity—a belief in a wise, paternal, and bountiful God. And every Christian equally believes that, in ages past, at least, man has walked with God upon the earth; that angels have descended to console, warn, and variously minister unto men; that living men have been translated, while yet in the flesh, to the special presence of God, and that spirits of men who have once walked the earth have been permitted to reappear unto mortals, as it were to remove the last, lingering doubt, of the intimate connection between God's Spirit-children of earth and heaven. If this were not true—if this inspiring belief were not justified, then the record of the Garden of Eden were a fable; then the pages of the prophets were a fiction; then Moses heard not and saw not God; then were not Enoch and Elijah caught up to heaven; then Jesus descended not, nor arose from the sepulcher; nor were comforting angels with Peter in prison, nor did John behold in Patmos a prophet descending from the skies.

How clear it is in the light of the accepted record of the past, *what we must believe* in regard to spiritual existence and relations, *if we believe at all*. And since not to believe—not to have some faith in this regard—is the bitterest cup of human wretchedness, believe we must. We desire felicity too keenly to deny what reason accepts as the highest necessity of our existence. Let us ask, then, since the Spiritualism of the past—interfused through all religions, and literature, and creeds,



and castes—is accepted as rational, essential, and beautiful, why a corresponding, though less pretentious, Spiritualism of the present should be rejected? Has the character of God, or the needs and character of man changed? Is the soul's longing impertinent to-day, that was tenderly responded to by its Creator one thousand or six thousand years ago? Is it less rational that an angel should comfort a Peter, or a prophet's spirit appear unto a John, to-day, than that these things have occurred in other, remoter times? And if, of old, from unlettered fishermen God selected media and apostles, and fired their tongues with more than mortal eloquence and truth, may He not of even the untempered clay of our times, select vessels through which to pour the light and glory of his Spirit? Surely, if there was a *betrayor*, a *denier*, and a *doubter* among the "Twelve," and if a Magdalen was found worthier than many daughters of the Pharisees, we can not believe mankind in our own day unworthy of as close communion and as tender regard as God ever vouchsafed to man. On the contrary, as mankind progress in intelligence, and humanity is more universally developed and recognized as related to God, it is rational that the communion of God's Spirit-children with God and with one another, should become more and more intimate and universal. Therefore it is that, in the main, the Spiritualism of all times is to us acceptable and beautiful. Its "Manifestations" in the present are not dissimilar to its "Revelations" in the past. Both meet and answer the same universal need—a need that has not ceased at any time, and which can not cease while the mortal state exists.

But there are some evidences, we conceive, which should especially convince us that we are perpetually surrounded and influenced by superior powers and intelligences—in short, by the Spirit of God, of angels, and of those who, before us, have, like ourselves, walked the earth. Evidences like these were not wanting in other days; why should they be now? Let us reason this matter kindly and fairly together, for it has to do, if we are indeed germinating toward immortality, with the highest and holiest concerns of our being. Of old, men were endowed, as is recorded, with supernatural gifts of speech, with diverse tongues, with the power of healing, and to work wonders among men. That was Spiritualism in times not so remote as to be lost in myth and tradition—times historical and veritable, the spiritual records of which are accredited and venerated by the Christian world. Has the Spiritualism of our day done or claimed more? Is it, if its mani-

festations correspond with the older revelations, less credible, less entitled to belief and respect? Does the mere lapse of time change principles that are, in the nature of things, fixed and eternal? We can not think so, lest we should confound both our reason and our faith. This very volume, to which we are attempting a feeble and perhaps unbefitting introduction, is to our mind, cognizant as we are of the facts concerning it, a special proof, though but one of multitudes of similar constantly developing evidences, that man, aye, very imperfect man, is made—as he ever has been, at periods—a particular instrument for the revelation of God's purposes and spirit, and the possible fraternal intercourse of all God's Spirit-children.

Here is a volume of more than two hundred pages, spoken and written in obedience to superior influences by one who, in a normal condition, possesses no such power of utterance. This volume of VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND is, to our belief, no more the conscious product of the MEDIUM through whom its utterance is claimed to have occurred, than it is the work of some Patagonian yet unborn. Why do we believe thus? Simply because this Medium is known, and has been from his infancy, by as many and as rational and reputable witnesses, perhaps, as ever confirmed equally interesting facts; witnesses whose testimony, with all the formality of the oath, could be given, if it were deemed necessary, in proof that, except as an involuntary medium, he never has displayed the slightest tendency or capacity for such utterance. It is to him as verily an unknown tongue as was ever given to prophet or apostle. He can not evoke it, nor exorcise it to silence when, by some superior power, it is evoked. It takes possession of his hand and tongue, speaking whether he will or no; and to himself, when free from its spell, it is, more than to all who behold it, a wonder and a mystery. And yet no mystery, when the philosophy of spirit-intercourse is embraced and understood. When the poet Gray, immortal through his "Elegy," if he were not else, was reproached in that he wrote so little, he replied, in a letter to a friend: "*I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.*" If so naturally bountifully gifted a soul as Gray's could confess so much, how much more earnestly may the Medium of this volume claim special inspiration for its utter-

ance! He, without one natural gift tending to poesy, and with but small conception and a meager embrace, in his normal state, of the ideas and sentiments, the scope and spirit of what has been uttered through him, may well claim that inspiration "does not depend on one's self." He may say with Pope, though with an hundred-fold force:

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came!"

It is scarcely to be expected that the materialistic critic and reader will not smile incredulously. To such, arguments and facts that do not tally with their prejudices, bigotries, and conceits are as the idle wind. But to Spiritualists—to those whose experience has enlarged their perception and quickened their faith—there is nothing of claim set up for these VOICES that is not intelligible and reasonable. It is to such that we are particularly speaking. If the Spiritualisms of mankind had been left to the judgment of those whose lives and beliefs they rebuked and opposed, they would always have been what their enemies of to-day would fain brand them. But, thank God, they are mightier than the scorn, and pride, and ignorance, and prejudice, and castes, and creeds of human invention.

Many who read this volume will have read the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," uttered through Thomas L. Harris—a marvelous utterance; and yet, this volume to us appears more remarkable. Mr. Harris is a natural poet, highly gifted in his normal state, and cultivated by observation, experience, and reflection. Though less mightily, his voluntary song had lifted our hearts and thrilled our spirits long ere his sublimer involuntary utterance. Our wonder, even at the loftiest utterance from such a soul, could but be less than if we heard a dumb, ungifted tongue suddenly break forth in rapturing strains, or saw a blank page suddenly bloom with truth and beauty under the involuntary motion of an undisciplined hand. Such a tongue and hand, save when influenced by some superior invisible power, has the Medium of these VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND—Nathan F. White. A gentle-hearted, simple-minded young man; diffident and unpretending in whatever sphere; with only the limited common-school education of a humble New-England farmer's son; a daily hand-toiler since his early youth; without imagination or ideality beyond the measure of Pollock's happy man,

"Who thought the moon no bigger than his father's shield"—

Is it not indeed surprising that such a one, if the spiritual philosophy be rejected, should break forth in a voice, new and startling to himself, and with fiery tongue scourge evils and picture characters to his observation, reading, and experience unknown? All this Mr. White has done—done in the presence of multitudes of unimpeachable witnesses—in the presence of opposers and scoffers of Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, have not had the hardihood to deny the integrity of the Medium, or dispute facts occurring under their own eyes. What renders the utterances of Mr. White still more remarkable, is the fact that their ideas and teachings were mainly opposed, in so far as Spiritualism is concerned, to his education, prejudices, and belief, and to those of his fathers before him.

Mr. White was born in the then town of Derby (now Seymour), Connecticut, November 16, 1827. Until within three years past his life has been quietly passed in that State, in the town of his birth, save a period passed, while learning the engraver's art, at New Haven. All who have known him at all intimately, from childhood to the present hour, know equally well that the utterance of poetry has been, and is, as foreign to his natural tendencies and capacities, as the prospect of his becoming the Grand Llama of Thibet. They know, also, that he has been, and is, incapable of disguise or deception. They may believe him under the influence of evil spirits, if they please, but they *must believe him under the influence of some spirit superior to his own*. For several years prior to his spiritual impressment he was a devoted member of an "orthodox" Christian sect. And notwithstanding his normal sense and faith have been enlarged by his Spirit-intercourse, until he must needs reject the dogmas and errors of that sect, its communion has not been withdrawn from him, nor have the purity and piety of his life been questioned. Mr. White's Spirit-intercourse began, under remarkable circumstances, some three and a half years ago. Visiting with a friend, a medium, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the first manifestations he witnessed excited only his mirth and ridicule. Soon after, when in the solitude of his own room, he found himself becoming a medium of the very manifestations—rappings—he had ridiculed. He still persistently regarded them as unmeaning and mischievous. In this condition of mind he remained for a long time, becoming daily more and more developed as a medium. Even when he found himself an involuntary agent for the communication of ideas and truths, he was slow to believe it was not some delusion. About this period he removed to the

city of Troy, New York, where he has since resided, pursuing his profession of engraver, and where he has been made the medium of extraordinary incidents and revelations, among which may be numbered the utterance of these VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

After six months of rapping mediumship, Mr. White was developed as a writing medium, and a year later, as a speaking medium, and is now, by turns, impressed to all these modes of communication. In so far as he has been made aware, he was first impressed by the spirit of an Indian chief—Powhattan, which spirit continues at times to impress him, particularly when other spirits fail. Under the influence of Powhattan, Mr. White has been made to speak in the presence of and with living "Red men," in the Indian tongue, and to manifest all the peculiarities of the Indian in a surprising manner. Under the influence of other spirits he has been made to speak in various languages, with all the ease and grace of persons native to them; and to write in German, or Hebrew, or Arabic, with a rapidity and perfection of chirography impossible to natural skill.

At the period of Mr. White's first impressment, he was in feeble health, afflicted with bleeding at the lungs, and other symptoms of pulmonary disease. Under Spirit-influence, his health has been completely restored, and his voice, previously weak, rendered strong and loud—as those can testify who have been startled by his "war-whoop," when thus influenced by his favorite spirit, Powhattan. Some months since, at the earnest solicitation of friends in Troy, and elsewhere, who had been witnesses of his remarkable manifestations, and desired the publication of some of his utterances in a volume, Mr. White visited New York, where his mediumship was subjected to the severest tests without, in the slightest degree, shaking its claims. The writer of this had, on those occasions, ample opportunity to study the natural character and powers of Mr. W., and to satisfy himself that deception was utterly impossible. We saw Mr. W. under all the forms of Impression—Rapping, Writing, and Speaking—and if the matter communicated had failed to convince us of the presence of some superior spirit, we should have been convinced by the physical phenomena presented. The slowly-growing rigidity, death-like pallor, spasmodic tremors, and icy-cold sweat gathering like "beaded dew" upon the brow of the Medium while in process of entrancement, preparatory to speaking, were what no man could counterfeit. And when the voice issued, as

it were from a body dead to outward impression and appearance, the veriest skeptic felt that this was more than mortal.

In permitting this volume to go before the public, Mr. White has yielded to the wishes of the large circle of friends by whom he is esteemed and beloved, rather than consulted his own inclinations. He knows not by whose spirits the VOICES were dictated, and only knows that they were uttered at intervals, through his hand and tongue. often but a few lines at a trance, and sometimes to the extent of more than a hundred lines. It is evident from the subject-matter, that more than one spirit dictated; style, flow, and force of expression indicate this. The higher qualities of the various poems are their truth, clearness, earnestness, and directness. Here and there is a sting of biting sarcasm worthy of Pope or Byron, or a flash of intellect and fancy that reminds of Shelley. But the pervading spirit is force rather than brilliancy. The song breathes with a noble humanity and lofty faith. It appeals for Freedom, Justice, and Truth. It scourges cant, hypocrisy, and all uncharitableness. It fully accords with the philosophy of Spiritualism. To only three or four of the poems were titles given by the dictating spirits. The rest have been supplied according to the judgment of their editor, as also the title of the volume itself. Since the manuscripts of the poems passed into the publishers' hands, Mr. White has not seen them, nor has he seen any of the proof-sheets of the volume. He is as ignorant of book-making as the child unborn. Any defects, therefore, apart from the VOICES themselves, which stand precisely as uttered, must be charged to others than Mr. W. and his impressing-spirits.

It is not necessary to say more. VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND will be welcomed, we doubt not, in the circles and by the firesides of all Spiritualists. Let none fear that, whatever other qualities they may possess, they utter one word to contaminate—one line for evil. They are not unworthy of notice from the intellectual, while to the humbler spirit they will bring food for reflection, and perchance light, strength, and consoling balm.

C. D. S.



## INVOCATION.

---

SPIRIT divine, eternal and immortal,

By whom all things created live and move ;

Who holds't the keys that open every portal

Of this vast universe of light and love ;

Who hast vouchsafed all things that we inherit,

So not to chance is left a shade or tissue

To shape our destiny—mind, body, spirit—

From being's smallest need to its immortal issue,

Thee we invoke ! O let thy love divine

Speed on the Truth, since all of truth is thine.

Spirit beneficent ! if so thy ministers,

Angels, or spirits of the freed of earth—

Alike thy servants and thy worshipers—

Have spoken aught to quicken or give birth

Through mortal lips to Freedom, Truth, and Love ;

Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Blessedness ;

Or aught, or all that lifts the soul above

Material things, Thou wilt their utterance bless,

Though poor and weak the mortal tongues they bor-

row,

To waken mortal joy and lessen mortal sorrow.

Spirit all-merciful ! since first to being

Thou didst from chaos and from darkness call—  
With hand omnipotent and eye all-seeing—

All forms, all life, vast suns and atoms small,  
Thou has not left one sparrow e'er to perish,  
Nor yet one hair unnumbered e'er to fall,  
But with all-mighty love dost keep and cherish,  
And guide, and guard, through tender mercy, all,  
Making the universe to glorify  
Thee in all things—earth, heaven, sea, and sky.

Spirit all-bountiful ! in other ages,

Thou deign'd'st to walk in mortal paradise  
With Adam ! and with prophets, seers, and sages,  
Thy angels, down descending from the skies,  
Since then have frequent held sweet intercourse,  
Watching and warning, and in cell and prison  
Holding with saints and eremites discourse ;  
Sitting in sepulchers, from whence, uprisen,  
Thy Son, ascending, God-like, to the skies,  
Unvailed to man the immortal paradise.

Spirit all-mighty ! not alone thy angels

With thee have walked along our mortal way,  
Breathing in raptured ears Love's high evangels,  
Making our night of sin and sorrow, day ;



Thou stood'st with Moses on the holy mountain;  
Thy angels, Peter, 'prisoned, comforted;  
To many an ancient shrine and sacred fountain  
The mem'ry of thy presence still is wed;  
But more than this, man's spirit thou hast given  
To bring us messages of Love from Heaven.

Spirit eternal! was it not thy prophet,  
And not an angel, John in Patmos saw?  
So reads the "Sacred Word." Shall doubters scoff  
it?

Ay, one who erst, obedient to thy law,  
'Mong men walked forth ere called to the Elysian;  
A holy man—a saint—at death upborne  
To Heaven, from whence, in glory, to 'John's vision  
He came, of all his mortal image shorn.  
And if one earth-born soul, through death immortal,  
Descend, may not another pass Heaven's portal?

Spirit adorable! thy love surpasses  
All thought, all wish, all prayer of feeble man.  
In all time's cycles not a moment passes  
But thou dost all thy vast creation scan.  
Thou watchest, guidest, givest life and motion—  
Temp'ring the pulses of the universe;

Alike in smallest mote, star, tempest, ocean,  
Each voiced thy praise and glory to rehearse;  
But most of all, thy love to man is shown,  
For in Thine image made is man alone.

O Spirit, who didst bear in chariot, burning,  
The rapt Elijah up from earth to heaven,  
While yet with mortal eye and sense discerning  
The glorious convoy to his spirit given;  
Who caught up Enoch ere death's hand had stricken  
The cords that bound him to mortality;  
Thou canst our mortal to immortal quicken;  
Thou canst from sin and bondage make us free—  
To Thee, in faith and trust, we look, adoring,  
Upon thine altars all our incense pouring.

O Spirit infinite! do thou guide—guard us,  
By thy dear messengers of love and grace;  
Thou art our God! forever turn toward us  
The light and glory of thy Father-face;  
Speak, by thy spirits, to our souls and through us,  
As thou hast spoken to the saints of old;  
In truth and all things beautiful renew us;  
Purge us from dross and make us as fine gold—  
Unto our spirits be thy Spirit given,  
To lead on earth and bear us up to heaven!

C. D. S.

# Contents.

|                               | Page |
|-------------------------------|------|
| AMERICAN FREEDOM .....        | 19   |
| THE OUTCAST.....              | 90   |
| THE REUNION .....             | 130  |
| THE BETRAYED .....            | 156  |
| THE SPIRIT-BORN .....         | 167  |
| A VISION .....                | 175  |
| OLD FABLES.....               | 181  |
| THE LAST OF THE RED MAN.....  | 186  |
| PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.....    | 190  |
| THE CRUCIFIXION .....         | 195  |
| THE FUTURE .....              | 199  |
| THE CHANGE .....              | 202  |
| THEY'VE LAID HER TO REST..... | 205  |
| DEATH .....                   | 208  |
| DOGMAS .....                  | 210  |
| THE ROCK OF TRUTH.....        | 212  |
| THE PILOT, REASON .....       | 215  |
| POVERTY'S DOOM .....          | 220  |
| A VISION .....                | 225  |
| THEOLOGY .....                | 232  |
| A FRAGMENT .....              | 238  |
| TRUST IN GOD .....            | 244  |
| THE FUTURE.....               | 247  |
| AWAKE, MY LUTE .....          | 248  |
| SHADOWS .....                 | 250  |
| WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD .....   | 253  |
| WE ARE FREE .....             | 255  |
| GONE BEFORE.....              | 257  |
| THE CHILD'S PRAYER.....       | 259  |
| INFANTILE DEVOTIONS .....     | 260  |



# SPIRIT-VOICES.

---

## *American Freedom.*

AMERICA, called Freedom's land, we'll roam,  
Leaving awhile our bright, celestial home,  
Throughout thy growing cities' crowded streets;  
Nor e'er forget thy villages' calm retreats,  
Where rugged plowmen till the fruitful lands,  
That willing yield unto their toil-worn hands  
The bread that drives grim famine from your door,  
And cheers the hearts of Europe's starving poor.  
Across thy favored hills we'll take our way,  
From Eastern shores to calm Pacific's bay;  
Where throng the rich, the poor, the young, the old,  
In eager search—for what? for paltry gold!  
Where busy cities, with a sudden birth,  
Shoot up, like fairy castles, from the earth;  
Reminding us of tales in childhood learned,  
Of forests in a night to cities turned;

Of sinking sun that on a desert glowed,  
Then rose again and countless armies showed.  
Back turning then, we'll seek thy Southern shore,  
Where summer's sun seems smiling evermore ;  
Where luscious fruits are heaping on the ground,  
And plenty's smile is beaming bright around ;  
Where all seems joy, till, winding through the vale,  
Is heard the stifled, heart-despairing wail  
Of Afric's sons, who groan beneath the toil  
Oppression claims on Freedom's vaunted soil.  
Through palace rich, through cottage of the low,  
With fleeting spirit-step we'll noiseless go ;  
Through halls of learning wend our quiet way,  
And temples, where the rich can kneel to pray,  
Nor fear, beneath the tow'ring dome safe pewed,  
To soil their splendors in the contact rude ;  
And sisters, brothers, bearing humble name,  
Attention from us for awhile shall claim ;  
Till all combined and mingled into one,  
From Maine's bleak hills to Texas' southern sun,  
From California's gold-besprinkled shore,  
To where Atlantic's billows endless roar,  
A changeful tale of joy and sorrow tells :  
And ye may judge how much of Freedom dwells  
Within the land, which, though beyond the rest,  
Is still with God-like Liberty unblest.  
Commence we where the Pilgrim Fathers stood,  
And to their guide across the foaming flood,

With hearts united bowed in humble prayer,  
And praise that, with a kind paternal care,  
From persecution's hand he'd set them free ;  
Safe guided them across the stormy sea,  
To where hope smiling on the Western strand,  
Welcomed their coming with extended hand  
To where, from shackles free, the mind might soar,  
And realms of glorious thought unchecked explore,  
Nor fear, that knowledge gained, to freely speak  
To minds inquiring truths for which they seek.  
But were they free as this ? or do I tell  
What would have been but for the slavish spell  
Dark superstition throws across the mind,  
And bigotry's strong chains assist to bind ?  
Do I but tell what might have been, had they,  
Who harbored first in Plymouth's welcome bay,  
But finished what they had so well begun ;  
Followed the path marked out by Reason's sun,  
Wide scattered every fragment of the chain  
That would not let them soar above the plain  
O'er which their fathers moved, fearful they'd turn  
From ancient paths, progressive truths to learn ?  
Did they then break the chains that long had bound  
Them, willing, abject slaves unto the ground,  
And rise above the with'ring, dead'ning spell ?  
The blood of those who dared to think, can tell  
How much the struggling, soaring mind had won,  
Who fondly dreamed that Freedom's Western sun

Would free him from the hateful, galling band  
That drove him houseless from his native land.  
And now ye boast of Pilgrim blood so free  
That, leaving all, they fled across the sea  
Rather than bow them to those sordid priests,  
With 'vengeful warrior and with howling beasts,  
Where war-whoops mingled with the wolves' deep roar,  
Their dwellings made far from their native shore.  
Ye boast them free, but were they free indeed?  
Let martyrs tell, who, for their conscience bleed!  
Hark to the sound of the disgraceful whip!  
The sobs that burst from tortured woman's lip!  
And why? because she dared to think, to speak;  
Oh shame! is this the liberty ye seek?  
Was it for this ye left your early homes  
To wander where the yelling savage roams?  
For this left ye that quiet village green,  
Where May's glad sun oft hailed thee chosen queen?  
Where orders, issued from that rustic throne,  
Were quick obeyed as though the jewels shone  
Upon your brow that grace but monarch's head,  
Instead of fading wreath, that soon would shed  
Each drooping leaf, and then aside be cast,  
Known like your power, but only in the past?  
Why did ye leave old England's rocky shore?  
Why cross those stormy, threat'ning billows o'er,  
To wander where the prowling panthers scream?  
Did ye, beneath oppression's goadings dream



That liberty of conscience ye might find  
Where superstition still o'erawed the mind ?  
Oh vain such dream ! for Liberty's ne'er found  
Reposing on such bleak, unhallowed ground ;  
As well might ye expect the gentle dove,  
Whose loudest murm'rings only breathe of love,  
Consorting with the filthy bird of prey  
Whose croaking throat forever bodes decay,  
As Bigotry and Liberty combined  
In partnership, to guide the human mind.  
And thus, America, upon thy strand,  
Was it with those who left their childhood's land ;  
They fled from home to 'scape oppressive toil,  
Nor shook from off their feet the clinging soil,  
From which upsprung the growing weeds of strife  
That, on thy shores, oppression woke to life,  
Till deeds were done in Freedom's holy name  
That tyranny's dark, bloody page would shame.  
But not alone was Liberty disgraced :  
Religion on the shameful page was placed,  
And angels bowed their heads in sacred grief  
To read that name upon such blotted leaf  
How blotted ? noble Williams, thou canst tell  
What bitter tears from houseless exiles fell !  
Self-exiled first, far from their native strand,  
Then driven forth by brother exiles' hand  
Because they dared to reason 'bove the rest,  
Nor kept their thoughts confined within the breast ;

By hands of those they, unresisting, bled,  
Who, with them homeless, from old England fled ;  
Because, forsooth, they could not do the same  
Which now their exiled brothers from them claim.  
They fled from home to free the soaring mind,  
Then strove their brother's growing thoughts to bind ;  
They cross the sea for liberty of speech,  
Then with the lash erase the words they preach.  
Oh what consistency ! how can ye boast  
When rise before ye such a countless host  
Of witnesses, to prove that Freedom's name  
Beneath such rule was but a word of shame ?  
How can ye say that pure religion dwelt  
Where cruel stock and torturing whip were felt ?  
Where tott'ring age nor helpless youth was spared,  
And shrinking woman to the lash was bared ;  
Where, unprotected, to the forest wild  
Grandsire with hoary lock and infant child  
Alike were driven from each happy home,  
Through cold, bleak winter storms to houseless roam.  
Because they looked beyond what teachers told,  
They deemed them to the prowling arch-fiend sold ;  
And wisely thought their duty plain, to aid  
The fiendish host that 'gainst them were arrayed ;  
Who waited but the sign from godly hand  
To sweep their souls, rebellious, from the land—  
Oh well might angels grieve at such a sight !  
To see those men refuse the proffered light,

Which would have quick dispelled the murky clouds  
That Bigotry's blind votary enshrouds,  
Might well from seraphs claim a pitying tear,  
Were tears not banished from their happy sphere.  
Once did their hearts to Freedom's plane aspire,  
Within their souls had blazed the holy fire ;  
They broke their bonds, and such a flood of light  
Burst full upon their trembling, startled sight,  
Uncertain, wav'ring for a while they gazed,  
At Freedom's boundless ocean stood amazed,  
Then back retired, and closed their wishful eyes,  
Fearful that gazing thus their souls would rise,  
And, rising, leave the path their fathers trod,  
Braving the vengeance of an angry God.  
Short-sighted fools ! and could you think 'twas sin,  
To thus on earth the upward course begin ?  
Dreamed ye that God would anger that ye sought  
To find the liberty his Spirit taught  
Was ready for your eager hand to grasp ?  
Or feared ye that your closing arms would clasp  
A fiend disguised unto each seeking heart,  
From which once clasping ye could never part ?  
Oh foolish man ! could wand'ring dream like this  
Deter ye from the angel-offered bliss ?  
Drive ye from cheering light of dawning day,  
Within night's chilling atmosphere to stay ?  
Bind you as 'twere with firmer, stronger chain,  
Down to the level, ne'er ascending plain.

Had ye but looked beyond that foolish thought,  
Received the truth that reason would have taught,  
Nor deemed it sin to God-like wisdom gain,  
The path of duty would have opened plain.  
Then naught within thy upward way to bar,  
No superstitious rock thy path to mar,  
None would have shame upon thy forehead read,  
None would have mourned thy liberty as dead.  
But some perchance will say, "Why dwell so long,  
Why make their deeds the burden of your song?"  
We answer not that we the whole would spurn,  
For much they did oppression's tide to turn ;  
'Twas nobly done in them to leave their land,  
And angels smiled as gath'ring on the strand  
They bid farewell to friends they left behind,  
Rather than feel their struggling souls confined  
Within the narrow bounds, where, church and state  
Had bid them panting on their pleasure wait,  
Nor strive to soar, till bishops could agree  
How far 'twas safe the thinking mind to free !  
'Twas nobly done to break those galling chains ;  
And all throughout the vast celestial plains,  
With speed of thought the joyful tidings ran,  
That light was dawning on misguided man ;  
And seraphs struck their shining harps anew  
As through their realms the happy tidings flew,  
For long their pitying hearts for man had bled,  
To see him blindly by false teachers led ;

And now the chain is snapped, but ah! they clasp  
The unlinked fragments still within their grasp.  
Touch not the unclean thing! cast it away!  
Thou dost with crawling, venom'd serpent play!  
That soon within its twining, shiny fold,  
Your hearts now free, as prisoners will hold.  
Alas! they did not hear the warning word,  
Or some did not, and those that list'ning heard,  
Deemed it but one of the foul tempter's arts  
To sow the seeds of sin within their hearts:  
And thus again their slavish chains they kiss,  
And in their blind submission, dream of bliss.  
We blame them not that there they broke the chain,  
But that each link they riveted again;  
Boasted of liberty to nations 'round,  
E'en while they strove to crush it to the ground;  
Till their posterity take up the cry,  
Speak of their virtues—pass their vices by!  
If here ye think we speak with words too strong,  
Retrace your steps, and see the bitter wrong  
Suffered by all who dare increase their speed  
Beyond the sluggish pace of those who lead.  
Then turn to warmer climes, and look with shame  
Upon the children of that church whose fame  
For bigot cruelty has filled the earth;  
Beneath whose rule the torturing rack had birth;  
As led by Baltimore they touch thy strand,  
America, the fetters leave each hand:

Or seem to leave, and better it is so,  
Much will it save the race of future woe ;  
Though hand and feet they're bound by Romish chain,  
It is unseen, nor gives them half the pain  
That falls upon the soul which once was free.  
The wild-wood bird, whose home is forest tree,  
Confined, refuses evermore to sing,  
But beats its prison wires with fluttering wing ;  
Presses against each bar its panting breast,  
In vain attempt to reach its forest nest ;  
While bird that's fledged within a golden cage,  
Against the gilded bars will never rage ;  
And though its prison door should open stand,  
Will leave it not, but to caress the hand  
That shuts it from the light of Freedom's day ;  
There will it warble forth a merry lay,  
Then backward skip, nor try a farther flight,  
Unconscious that there is a freer light  
Than that which fills the curtained, pictured room—  
A twilight ray, which scarce dispels the gloom.  
Imprisoned are Rome's children like such bird,  
And Liberty's blest name have scarcely heard ;  
Nor have a wish to roam beyond the bounds  
Of "Mother Church" to seek forbidden grounds ;  
They have excuse : the light they never saw,  
And word from priest ordained to them is law ;  
Yet while themselves were bound, they bound not those  
Who sought their homes to 'scape oppressive woes,

But, though they deemed them all unfit for heaven,  
Thought that to God alone the strength was given  
To turn them from such false, heretic path,  
Or doom their hardened souls to endless wrath ;  
And there they found the rest which was denied  
By those who made their liberty their pride.  
But now we'll leave those early deeds behind,  
And see what in these later days we'll find  
To prove that Liberty a rest has found,  
America, upon thy favored ground,  
But pause to tell how Freedom's sons arose  
And into one combined their giant throes ;  
Severed the cords 'neath which they'd vainly groaned,  
Nor found redress from tyranny enthroned ;  
Though long obscured by gloomy clouds of night,  
Bravely and well they struggled for the right ;  
How bravely, all thy battle-fields can tell,  
And England's selfish monarch say how well  
Their liberty political they gained ;  
And he who o'er that distant region reigned,  
The brightest gem of all his kingdom lost,  
Because he did not count the future cost,  
But only thought him of the present gain ;  
Nor was that all, the deep, dark purple stain  
Of blood was resting, England, on thy throne !  
And orphans' wail with wretched widows' groan  
Arose from every village of the land,  
For fathers, husbands, who on foreign strand—

No friendly voice to soothe the parting breath—  
Were passing through the dreary vale of death.  
Now come we later ; still their freedom won,  
The race with distant nations has begun ;  
Till now the proudest are compelled to own  
The child, almost to parent's stature grown ;  
Each giant hand a mighty ocean grasps,  
And in its arms a hemisphere it clasps ;  
Or clasps a part and reaches for the rest,  
Which soon 'twill fold to its maternal breast ;  
Its fame for liberty, from pole to pole  
Has spread, till now there hardly lives a soul—  
Unless it dwells within a tyrant's form—  
Whose heart does not rebound with throbbings warm,  
While musing on the star of hope that beams  
From out the West to cheer its waking dreams.  
For they do sometimes dream of Liberty,  
And think of what their bleeding souls might be  
Could they, by one strong effort, break the chain  
And bid adieu to mountain, hill, and plain  
Where they have passed their happy childhood days ;  
Direct their course toward the cheering rays  
Which, ever darting from that western star,  
Seem as if shining there to guide afar  
The soul oppressed from tyranny's strong hand ;  
Directing it to Freedom's happy land !  
And many break that chain—the soaring soul  
The love of home no longer can control ;



But though the heart almost to breaking swell,  
Bids to its friends a long, a last farewell ;  
Takes parting look at each familiar scene,  
Alike on mountain wild and smiling green !  
Gazes with anguish at the thought that these  
Behind must stay, while o'er the raging seas  
To Freedom's land it speeds its dreary way ;  
And thus they come ; each swiftly passing day  
Hails fresh arrivals on your welcome shore,  
And each succeeding day will usher more,  
Till waking Europe breaks her tyrant chains,  
Or sees but crumbling walls and desert plains.  
They've gained the promised land, but are they free ?  
Mark well each disappointed face, and see  
What struggling hearts by the exchange have made !  
They have the promptings of their souls obeyed,  
Left all behind blest Liberty to find,  
Yet still they look with disaffected mind ;  
Their home is now where promised Freedom dwells,  
But still the thinking, acting mind rebels ;  
And why is this ? the cause to us is plain,  
The flesh is free, but with a double chain  
The spirit's bound ; what though the body free  
Can gaze upon vast plains of Liberty,  
The contrast is more marked ; 'twere best not know  
Of Liberty at all, than view it so.  
But why not best ? the gazing soul will wake,  
And at such glorious sight its fetters shake

With such new strength that they will, groaning, part,  
And give free access to the thinking heart.  
As pent-up fires that long have silent lain  
Beneath the smiling, ever-verdant plain,  
Linger in darkness but to gain fresh power,  
Then with volcanic mouth belch forth a shower  
That no resisting hand can ever stay,  
Till it has had its own triumphant way ;  
So is the fire that's kindled in the breast  
Of Freedom's sons, though it may seem to rest,  
And all without serene and calm appear ;  
Though it should smoulder on from year to year,  
Each year but adds new fuel to the flame,  
Until some tyrant mind would bind fresh shame  
On the already crushed, o'erburdened heart,  
When with a sudden, overwhelming start,  
Resistless bursts the long impatient flame,  
Devouring all that bars its rightful claim,  
Till it has reached the long-desired goal—  
The highest point e'er reached by prisoned soul.  
We wander here, our duty's not to say  
What future years will bring, but of to-day,  
Which loudly boasts of Liberty, to speak ;  
Commencing, first, abodes of wealth we'll seek ;  
With noiseless step glide through each gorgeous room,  
Nor fear reproof from some officious groom ;  
List to the words that fall from beauty's tongue,  
And judge by them if what we seek, among

The fortune-favored few is to be found ;  
Or if it dwells on ruder, humbler ground ;  
Traverse with me this busy, crowded street,  
Nor wonder if at every step ye meet  
Imploring age, that vainly sues for bread,  
By side of youth whose jeweled arm would shed  
Joy's cheering light on many a sinking heart,  
Would it but with those glittering trinkets part ;  
Start not, nor wonder if your eye should see,  
Clad in her robes of gaudy tinselry,  
The child of guilt with brazen, shameless face,  
In contact close with one, whose solemn pace  
And sable suit, speak him ordained of man  
To tell us that our life is but a span—  
Prepare our souls for death's dark, misty vale,  
And teach us how to furl the swelling sail  
When heavenly breezes blow too fresh and strong,  
Threat'ning to waft our little bark along  
Toward the happy shore with greater speed  
Than the more bulky crafts of those that lead.  
Heed not such sight, the ever-shifting throng  
Promiscuously mingled move along ;  
Awhile, at least, they cast away their pride,  
Nor pause to ask if wealth is by their side ;  
Here flutt'ring rags with costly garments play,  
And humblest stuffs with India's fabrics gay,  
In wild confusion wildest colors blend,  
To which exhausted eye can see no end ;

Nor longer tries to separation make ;  
Where chaos orders, station seems to take.  
But now the busy crowd is growing less,  
The careless laugh, the wailings of distress  
Which, but a moment since, fell on our ear,  
Less frequent sound—for we are drawing near  
Where gold, the god so many worship, reigns,  
A monarch absolute o'er his domains,  
Or only yields to his companion pride,  
Who, shadow-like, is ever by his side.  
See princely mansions proudly rear their heads,  
And lavish wealth its glitt'ring mantle spreads  
On all around, for e'en the plebeian street—  
As if aware aristocratic feet  
Honored its pavement by their dainty tread—  
Hastens each morn its dingy coat to shed,  
And angry that the coarse brogan has press'd  
Where tiny slipper, pure as cygnet's breast,  
Should hold a rightful, undisputed claim,  
Forgets its origin, and thinks it shame  
That vulgar dust from weary feet of toil  
The polished walks of bloated wealth should soil.  
Now up these polished marble steps we'll go,  
Whose glittering white would match unsullied snow ;  
Stay not for those whose duty 'tis to wait,  
To bow admittance, and of service prate ;  
But pass in spirit to the inner-room,  
Unseen by pettish maid or surly groom ;

There rest awhile, and wait what will appear.  
By what we see, but more by what we hear,  
Judge if the home of Freedom ye have found;  
But while we wait fear not to gaze around;  
Awhile the pleasure with the owner share,  
And feast your sight with gems and vases rare :  
Nor fear that any will dispute your right—  
Invisible to all but Spirit-sight.  
What mighty change has a few moments wrought!  
Where hungry age a wretched morsel sought,  
To longer stay the fainting, famished life ;  
Postpone a while with death the fatal strife ;  
A moment since we stood and sadly gazed  
Upon the woful sight—but now, amazed,  
Within wealth's favorite abode we stand ;  
Where rich products from nearly every land  
Are scattered 'round ; from richly frescoed walls,  
In easy folds the silken drapery falls,  
And blends with colors rare from Persia's loom,  
That almost seem as yielding sweet perfume :  
So perfect are the glowing flowers inwove,  
For art has here so well with nature strove  
That life alone is wanting, to complete  
A perfumed, flowered walk beneath our feet.  
Here polished marble from Italia's beds  
Reflects the light, and ebon luster sheds  
On soft luxurious lounge and easy chair ;  
While from their costly frames, with life-like stare,

Gay beauties smile—works of a master hand—  
The richest treasures of that favored land  
Of glowing sky and ever-genial air,  
Whose noble works of art and beauty rare,  
The artist worships and the poet sings ;  
Whose splendid mansions, once abodes of kings—  
Though sadly changed—of ancient grandeur speak,  
That o'er the earth beside 'twere vain to seek.  
But while we gaze, methinks I hear you say,  
“ What perfect joy must in this mansion stay,  
And what we seek must have a dwelling found  
Upon this glittering, wealth-enchanted ground.”  
Haste not to judge till thou dost farther look—  
And hark ! from out that gorgeous cushioned nook  
Whose splendor with Arabia's tales might vie,  
Ascends a smothered, heart-despairing sigh !  
A moment stilled, then, rising to a moan,  
Such as a crushed and bleeding heart alone  
Can breathe, when its last, only hope has fled,  
And dark despair its darkest robe has shed  
To cover with its gloomy, sable folds,  
The victim its remorseless clutches holds !  
You start, and wonder how such grief can be  
Where cause for happiness alone you see :  
A moment wait, then gaze with inner-sight—  
Whose rays reflected make the darkness light—  
Till you the heart can see, and joy or grief  
As plainly read as if 'twere printed leaf.

The gift is yours, and now 'tis yours to trace  
The grief that in wealth's gay, enchanted place  
Dares to intrude its dark, unhallowed form,  
Turning its rich, luxurious calm to storm !  
The heart unveiled is now before your eyes,  
From whose sad depths those wailing moans arise ;  
Peruse each leaf of that fair being's life,  
From childhood's happy hour, to years when strife  
To conquer nature's first, best law of love,  
Her happy songs, pure as the gentle dove  
In love's own whisperings murmurs to its mate,  
Changed into sad bewailings for her fate.  
First on the title-page we read but peace,  
And as we farther turn her joys increase ;  
Each want supplied, her early wish fulfilled,  
Did aught her fancy please, she only willed  
And gold, the talisman that rules the earth,  
Soon as the wish within her brain had birth,  
The treasure coveted unto her brought,  
Nor e'er refused whate'er the boon she sought.  
But now the page we blotted find with tears,  
And cheering hope with chill, despairing fears  
Each leaf combines, forbidding us to tell  
If beaming smiles that rose, or tears that fell  
In their dominion, shared an equal part—  
Or which as subject, longest ruled the heart.  
And dimly seen on the disfigured leaf—  
Blotted and soiled by tears of anguished grief—

We read of one who bore a humble name,  
Who, though his deeds the brazen trump of Fame  
Had never sounded to applauding crowds,  
In haunts of woe, where want the mind enshrouds,  
Was ever found, relieving each distress ;  
And outcast wretches knew him but to bless.  
For e'en the vilest, pity in him found,  
And though he lacked the gold to scatter 'round,  
And Poverty had claimed him as her son,  
The comfort he had brought, the good deeds done,  
Were more acceptable than mines of gold  
Without that sympathy, whose worth untold  
Exceeds the riches of Australian hills,  
Whose roaring torrents and whose murm'ring rills  
Alike are bedded with the yellow earth,  
The strife for which gives wrong and outrage birth.  
It speaks of him, and tells how they had met,  
For oft with tears her drooping lids were wet  
While gazing on some scene of squalid woe ;  
And, angel-like, unnoticed she would go  
Often, to cheer some fainting, dying form,  
Where him she met ; but why her heart beat warm  
When he appeared, as yet she could not tell,  
Nor either dreamed that love its binding spell  
Was weaving 'round their mingling, trusting souls ;  
Nor, that Affinity, whose law controls  
The secret movings of each beating heart,  
Had in their meeting taken active part.



And thus unconscious passed the happy hours ;  
No dark'ning cloud to threaten future showers ;  
The time's delay, till they again could meet,  
Each heart would chide ; then Paradise complete  
When it approached, would deem that they had found,  
Nor wish again to leave the hallowed ground.  
Thus blindly did they live, nor dreamed of love,  
But thought the blessing sent them from above  
To cheer them in their self-devoted task,  
And deemed it better pay that they would ask,  
To feel new joys upspringing in each breast,  
From sparkling founts that never seemed to rest ;  
They rightly judged, for love 's a blessing sent,  
A gift from heavenly spheres, awhile that's lent  
To smooth the youth of rudimental life,  
To calm the final, mortal, dreaded strife,  
When spirits burst their narrow, useless shell  
And soar away in brighter forms to dwell,  
Cheering the soul until the struggles o'er ;  
Then first upon the angel-crowded shore  
Giving it welcome through some seraph face,  
Whose absent image long has held a place  
Sacred, enshrined within that faithful heart ;  
So deep that even death's destructive dart—  
Though years have fled since from the earth it passed—  
Upon it fails to e'en a shadow cast.  
There reuniting hearts already one,  
Love finds its ministry but just begun ;

And ever through eternity is found  
Its welcome chain encircling hearts around.  
But soon a change came o'er their happy dreams—  
Dark clouds obscured the bright reviving beams  
'Neath which they unmolested long had basked—  
Nor in their present joy the future asked  
If such blest peace could always with them rest—  
Content that then they felt it in each breast.  
But thus it ever is with earthly joy!  
When at its highest point, the base alloy  
With which it mingles gains a partial sway,  
And turns to deadly night the cheerful day,  
Reminding those who would, without it, think  
The founts of earthly bliss from which they drink  
Were all-sufficient for immortal thirst,  
'That they were now enjoying but the first  
Imperfect taste of what, as ages roll  
Their endless rounds, unto the seeking soul  
Will bring increasing bliss, such as the thought,  
Though fancy's wildest dreams were to it brought,  
And into one her changing shape should blend  
To aid the task, so dim would comprehend  
That should it, struggling, make attempt to tell,  
Though 'twere surrounded by the purest spell  
That angels throw upon the mortal frame,  
Spirits progressed would bow themselves with shame  
That such a dull, imperfect glimpse was given  
Of the increasing, perfect joys of heaven!

But why do clouds obscure the joyful light ?  
Why is the page, but now so clear and bright,  
Defaced and soiled by burning tears of grief ?  
The reason's plain—the words that tell it brief :  
*She* in wealth's dazzling circle moves around,  
While *he* in humble walks of life is found.  
A slave to wealth, she ever by her side  
To counsel her, finds wealth's companion, pride—  
Who, adder-like, has whispered to her heart  
That poverty with her can have no part ;  
That she must banish from her mind the past,  
Or lose forever in wealth's state her caste.  
Then the fierce struggle in her soul begun,  
Nor ceased till pride the victory had won :  
'Till she the monster sacrifice had made ;  
Her soul's affections on wealth's altar laid ;  
Condemned to nothingness her wretched heart,  
And with another left a blighting smart.  
And thus, go where you will throughout the land  
Where gold has laid its with'ring yellow hand,  
Despairing sobs and stifled, hopeless sighs,  
Like moaning winds on every side arise  
From souls, whose feet the sea of Freedom laves,  
That yield themselves to pride as willing slaves.  
They claim themselves as *free*, and make their boasts  
That, though against them Europe sent her hosts,  
Before they'd yield them to her giant hand,  
Their heart's best blood should moisten all the land ;

But while they boast, to tyrant pride's control  
They yield unblushing the immortal soul ;  
With them, the worthless Freedom that we find  
Pampers the body but enslaves the mind !  
With disappointed hearts we pass the door,  
And try if with the struggling, honest poor,  
The treasure that we seek has found the *rest*  
It vainly sought in wealth's enchanted nest.  
Mount with me up this tottering, crazy stair,  
And try each crumbling step with guarded care,  
For age its unmistakable seal has placed  
Upon each board, forbidding careless haste.  
With wary step grope through the darkened hall ;  
Though chilling damps should on your spirit fall,  
In silence pass along, nor heed the chill ;  
With noiseless feet o'er the decaying sill  
Advance into the dreary, fireless room ;  
Your eyes accustom to the cheerless gloom ;  
Sufficient is one glance the tale to tell,  
That here oppression's left a dead'ning spell ;  
That worse than Southern slavery is here ;  
For slaves to want, to wretchedness, and fear,  
Groan 'neath a bondage heavier to bear ;  
While chains that Afric's sons would faint to wear,  
By cursed *monopoly* 'round them are thrown ;  
And though beneath their crushing weight they groan,  
They're forced to hug each cruel, torturing link,  
Or find themselves suspended on the brink

Of famine's dark abyss, from which 'tis vain  
To look for help, but to that grinding chain  
Which hardly serves to keep them from the fall—  
Yet in return, unpitying, claims their all.  
See, by the dim, uncertain taper's light,  
Where deep into the middle hours of night  
A wretched woman bows her to the toil ;  
Drives back the blinding tears lest they should spoil  
The *work* that from her heart the life-blood drains,  
To swell some heartless monster's daily gains ;  
While he, perchance, who feeds his bloated wealth,  
Unmindful of their tears, their wasting health,  
On toil thus wrung from famished woman's hand,  
Is praised for *goodly deeds* throughout the land ;  
Coins mints of gold from widows' bleeding hearts,  
Then with a trifle of his riches parts  
For ostentatious charity, till fools  
Who are not deeply learned in wisdom's schools,  
Applaud him for the noble, gen'rous deed ;  
While those who coin his gold in sorest need  
Toil hopeless on, no pitying hand to save—  
And find at last, unknelled, a pauper's grave !  
Can this be so ?—on Freedom's sacred soil  
Do feeble women, scarcely resting, toil,  
And with their hands the gains of monster men  
Increasing swell ?—'Tis vain for mortal pen  
To make attempt to write the word of shame  
That should be written o'er each wretch's name,

Who dares to live upon the torturing sweat  
With which the weary brow of toil is wet.  
Methinks that ever when he reads his name  
In glaring letters on the scroll of fame,  
As one whose deeds of charity are known  
Throughout the land, each victim's dying groan  
Should ring its fearful changes in his ear—  
Each heavy sigh, each burning, struggling tear  
Forced from the hearts that his oppressive hand  
Has crushed, and shaped to yield to his command,  
In one should gather on the sullied spot,  
And from fame's page his worthless name should blot  
Methinks when he Heaven's ample blessing seeks  
Upon the board that more than plenty speaks,  
The thought of those who earned that bounteous meal  
By hours of agony, should o'er him steal,  
Forbidding him the grace of God to ask  
Upon the food wrung from their midnight task ;  
That o'er him such a tide of shame should flow  
As the uncalled, unasked-for scene of woe  
Before his guilty, trembling soul was brought  
By the unwelcome, momentary thought,  
That he should loathe but now the welcome meat,  
Nor dare of his unholy gains to eat.  
But from the scene with bleeding hearts we turn,  
Sadly acknowledge we have much to learn  
Of slavery's bond that, in the borrow'd garb  
Of Liberty, with secret, venom'd barb,

Ranges the land from North to Southern pole,  
Alike on servant and on master's soul,  
With hand unsparing, sets the shameful seal  
That unborn souls will yet most keenly feel.  
Where shall we look for Freedom, if it dwells  
Not in these gloomy, worse than prison cells?  
For in abodes of pride it finds no rest.  
But ah! new hope upsprings within my breast!  
A noble hall its shadows 'cross the way  
Inviting throws, as wishing us to stay;  
And o'er the sculptured porch revived I read  
Fair wisdom here—whose duty 'tis to lead  
The knowledge-seeking mind—her dwelling makes:  
And from despondency my soul awakes;  
For blessed Freedom we shall surely find  
Where wisdom guides the knowledge-seeking mind.  
What place so fit for Liberty to stay  
As where unfettered minds can soar away,  
And in the smiling morn of buoyant youth  
From wisdom's fount drink in refreshing truth?  
With lightened heart we pass the open door,  
Rejoicing that our search at length is o'er;  
Ascend the well-worn stairs, traverse the hall,  
Nor heed the mingled roar of words that fall  
In sentences confused upon the ear;  
But onward glide unseen, till, drawing near,  
The senseless buzz is changed to ordered speech,  
From those that learn alike with those that teach.

Here by this noble youth a moment pause ;  
The beaming soul for each effect seeks cause  
That darts with lightning glance from his proud eye,  
While labored breath and deep, unconscious sigh  
Bespeaks within a struggling, panting soul,  
That will not tamely yield to the control  
Of minds that fain would check its upward way,  
Forbidding it from beaten paths to stray.  
Determination on that brow is stamped,  
And tells the soul within will ne'er be cramped  
By narrow bounds that bigot minds would trace,  
And in their ignorance call holy place ;  
Name all beyond as Satan's dark domains,  
Because their heads, with not sufficient brains  
To even comprehend the rolling earth,  
Where first their conscious spirit had its birth,  
Would others bind unto the groveling plain  
O'er which they plod, but find their efforts vain ;  
For minds like his will ne'er submit to *crawl*,  
Though all the thunders of the Church should fall  
With fiendish fury on his noble head ;  
Though o'er him the blasphemous curse were read,  
His soul consigning to Satanic power,  
Fearless and firm he'd breast the fearful shower ;  
Smile with contempt as roll the clouds away,  
That they should think their idle threats could stay  
The soul which once has drunk from wisdom's fount,  
Whose feet have trod upon her sacred mount.



But see ! with sober pace one comes this way,  
Whose raven locks, besprinkled thick with gray,  
And forehead high, furrowed with manly cares,  
With restless eye, such as the spirit wears  
From long-continued strife, bespeaks the man,  
Who, when the light of reason's sun began  
To dart its first faint beams upon his soul,  
Instead of yielding to the blest control,  
Commenced against his better nature, strife ;  
Advised by fools, applied the bigot knife  
Called Mystery, to what his youthful mind  
In ancient, musty records could not find,  
To God's unchanging, perfect laws explain ;  
And by that foolish deed, to years of pain  
His active spirit doomed ; for minds as strong,  
As quick as his, soon feel the bitter wrong  
That on the free, immortal soul they cast,  
By looking only to the ancient past  
For truths that God has stamped upon the sky,  
Unveiled and free to e'en the lowest eye—  
Truths that his thunders speak, his lightnings show ;  
That o'er the blooming earth, where'er you go,  
In shapes unnumber'd smile beneath your feet ;  
That gentle winds in whisp'rings mild repeat ;  
Then changing to the wild tornado's roar,  
Re-echo from the east to western shore.  
'Truths that appear when gentle, balmy spring,  
From nature's store renascent foliage brings

To deck the trees, but now so drear and bare ;  
That loudly speak, when bleak, autumnal air  
Each quiv'ring leaf folds in its chill embrace,  
Then onward whirls, leaving the fearful trace  
That marks its visit, in the vivid glow,  
Which, like the colors of the fleeting bow,  
A moment gladden our enraptured sight—  
Each fresh embrace but adding tints more bright,  
Till from the north a rougher, keener blast  
Comes wailing on, and then, its glory past,  
Torn from its parent limb, the trembling leaf  
(While moans the wind as in repentant grief,  
At the sad work its blustering kiss has made),  
Sinks flutt'ring down upon the forest glade,  
His duty ended ; well content to rest  
Alone, unnoticed, on the lowly breast  
From which it sprung—forsaking truths as plain  
As these, for written truth, is labor vain ;  
And such the thinking, acting, honest mind,  
Sooner or later to its shame will find.  
For strife will ever in that bosom dwell—  
Making its earthly paradise a hell—  
That deems it sin for God's decrees to look  
Except in ancient-written "Holy Book."  
And such a strife has raged within the breast  
Of him that now appears ; but if the *rest*  
That it so long has sought, his soul has found,  
Or if it lingers still on neutral ground,

We listen for his coming speech to tell ;  
For he is questioned, to disperse the spell  
That dark mythology has blindly cast  
O'er the enticing study of the *past*,  
Till truths intended for the common eye  
Beneath its many folds so deeply lie  
That scarce a ray of their true light appears.  
But hark ! the words now greet our listening ears  
That, to the mind of *one*, at least, will tell  
(Driving afar the hateful, blinding spell),  
The truth for which it eager panting seeks—  
But ah ! what means the chilling word he speaks ?  
Instead of bidding it the knowledge gain,  
He tells the seeker that 'tis worse than vain  
To seek the mystery of God to know ;  
Charges the years of misery and woe  
That he has suffered to his stubborn heart,  
Because it fain would know what active part  
'Twas destined in some future age to take ;  
Bids it take heed, and not too freely slake  
His raging thirst from wisdom's dangerous stream ;  
But rather of the future blindly dream  
Than seek with wicked, sacrilegious eye  
The awful mystery of God to try.  
The *mystery of God* ! that bugbear word,  
From the pretended lips of wisdom heard ;  
Taught in the schools, from every pulpit preached,  
Methinks that word—its noon of glory reached

In ages past, when scarce a ray of light  
Illumed the earth—should long ere this to-night,  
Dark as the dreary shade itself would cast,  
From wisdom's catalogue of words have passed.  
The mystery of God ! oh, simple man—  
Because the life that hours and moments span,  
Suffices not the universe to grasp ;  
Because your weak, your feeble, infant clasp  
Can not retain the orb that gives thee light,  
Withhold it from its God-directed flight  
Around the central, great Creative Mind ;  
Because your puny arm has failed to bind  
Even the smallest of the glittering train  
That course obedient through the boundless plain ;  
Because they stay not, at your beck, their speed,  
Till you their unknown history can read,  
You prate of mystery, and think it sin  
To heavenly wisdom on the earth begin ;  
Or deem such blessed wisdom sin at least,  
Unless received from written word or priest.  
Think you that God would laws mysterious make,  
Forbidding works of his own hand to slake  
The thirst himself created, at the spring ?  
By vain desire a settled, hopeless sting  
Fixing upon their ever active souls ?  
Not such the law that human mind controls ;  
Though we its workings dimly comprehend,  
A pleasure 'tis to through its windings wend,

And, step by step, as perfect laws we trace,  
To find divinity stamped on their face,  
And ever feel that something still before  
Was beck'ning, bidding us to grasp for more ;  
For were all knowledge gained, our bliss would end ;  
And thoughts of an eternity to spend  
With naught to lose, and nothing still to gain,  
Would on the senses pall, creating pain,  
And heaven, the place where joy alone should dwell,  
Would harbor grief, the attribute of hell ;  
With naught to learn, eternity would be  
A plain unbroken, an unruffled sea,  
On which would float the weary, fainting soul,  
And think in gaining rest it gained the whole :  
But long it would not listless, idly dream  
For rest, devoid of future hope, would seem  
To all who bear the principle of life,  
As deeper punishment than years of strife ;  
For though, to those who only dream of years,  
Rest from their grief a paradise appears,  
When they could rightly, truly comprehend  
Eternity, their paradise would end ;  
No soul so idle but it soon would spurn  
Eternity of rest, with naught to learn ;  
No soul, howe'er so much it longs for rest,  
But torments keen would feel within its breast,  
And sooner choose its earthly grief to bear  
Than senseless robes of idleness to wear.

No wonder such a paradise as this—  
A settled state of unprogressive bliss—  
Unto the soaring angel-mind should seem  
As rest inglorious, or as idle dream ;  
Nor that the bliss of ease should fail to bind,  
To unprogressive ignorance, the mind !  
No wonder mythologic lore should tell  
How angry hosts did 'gainst their God rebel !  
But where the wonder of the tale should rest  
Is here—that deep within each angel-breast  
God had implanted an impure desire  
To up toward his sacred throne aspire ;  
Had sowed the seeds of discord through the host,  
That he could in some distant future boast  
Of strength infinite, of resistless hand,  
That with one wave had swept the rebel band  
To shades infernal in disordered haste ;  
And all for what ? because they strove to taste  
Of more exalted joys, impelled by thirst  
Himself created, then pronounced accurst.  
Here lies the wonder of that liquid tale :  
Methinks, as upward from the happy vale  
In circles floated the vast, mighty throng,  
Impelled by hope the shining way along,  
He, who created in their breasts desire,  
Who kindled in their hearts the raging fire  
That's ever asking, like the leech, for more,  
Should, as he glanced their coming legions o'er,

Have given welcome words instead of wrath ;  
Assisted them to mount the heavenly path,  
Nor augured that they, struggling, strove to gain  
The highest point of that celestial plain.  
Divinity, methinks, should smiling greet  
The panting souls that with unwearied feet  
The height had gained, and whisper to each mind,  
That still beyond more perfect truths they'd find ;  
Nor upward aspirations strive to crush,  
Nor thoughts itself created wish to hush.  
But why do I thus ling'ring here delay ?  
Why mourning o'er perverted wisdom stay ?  
'Tis vain for Liberty in halls to seek,  
Where it is treason deemed of God to speak,  
Only as one mysterious and stern,  
Whose ways inscrutable we ne'er can learn ;  
Where souls to Satan's rule are given o'er,  
Should they attempt beyond the chain to soar,  
Thrown, by tradition, across wisdom's path,  
Where minds inquiring are, with holy wrath—  
Because they dare to reason, dare to think—  
Branded as infidels and left to sink ;  
The curses of the Church against them hurled,  
Scorned and neglected by the pious world.  
Retrace your steps, pass through the opened door,  
Nor grieve that disappointment rankles sore  
Within, but now, your gladdened, hope-cheered breast,  
That Liberty e'en here can have no rest ;

For wisdom will not ever, crouching, lay  
Beneath tradition's folds, but soar away ;  
The chain which it so long has dreaded spurn,  
For, by attempt, its brittleness 'twill learn ;  
E'en now it more than half suspects the truth,  
And, in the minds of ardent, fearless youth,  
Its ruffled pinions plumes, prepares for flight,  
And soon, before the wond'ring, startled sight  
Of earth's inhabitants, 'twill upward soar  
And bliss in ignorance be taught no more ;  
But till that joyful time her halls we'll leave  
Cumbered with idôls ; her debasement grieve,  
But not as those who grieve without a hope,  
For cursed slavery can not ever cope  
Successfully against the dazzling beams  
That reason's sun directs, from "idle dreams,"  
The slumb'ring thousands of the earth to 'wake.  
Unsatisfied as yet, our course we'll take  
To where yon tow'ring spire points to the sky,  
Hasten within its sacred shade, to try  
If there, beneath its consecrated dome,  
The world-neglected treasure 's found a home.  
A massive structure, comely to the eye,  
It now appears ; and ev'ry passer by  
Gazes with awe upon its silent walls,  
Which still increases, until, wearied, falls  
The eye, and wond'ring, 'neath its shadows sees  
The wretch whose sunken cheek and trembling knees,



Louder than words, of want and suff'ring speak ;  
Whose feeble voice, with age and hunger weak,  
Imploring bread, quick changes fancy's flight  
From airy regions—where the gorgeous sight  
Had sent it, dwelling on the power of will,  
By means supported, wonders to fulfill—  
To what the labor lavished on each stone  
Of the huge pile before them, might have done,  
Rightly controlled, the suffering to ease—  
Each passing moment 'neath their shadow sees.  
But we've at last the lofty entrance reached ;  
And, as the Christian gospel here is preached,  
The lamb-like Jesus for a pattern taught,  
Who ever for the low and needy sought ;  
Who deemed it duty's privilege to bind  
The broken heart, to cheer the fainting mind  
That want almost had driven to despair ;  
'Twere better robes of poverty to wear,  
And visible unto the sight appear,  
That followers of his, who worship here,  
May with extended hand our coming greet,  
And offer by their side the vacant seat.  
Thus we in clean, though tattered robes, arrayed,  
With hollow cheeks, as famine had the shade  
Upon us thrown—that it alone can cast—  
Have through the lofty, creaking portals passed ;  
And now on carpets rich, through hallowed aisle  
With muffled step advance, then pause awhile

And view the fretted roof, where arches run  
Their thousand lines, till mingled into one  
They seem like giant forest trees that weave  
Their limbs compact, nor smallest opening leave  
For heaven's free light to through the net-work stray ;  
And, though a beam is flitting 'cross the way,  
Upon its native purity 's a stain—  
Caught in its passage through the colored pane,  
Which, with its thousand mates, a varied hue  
Gives to each wand'ring ray that struggles through—  
But soon the eye, bewildered with the sight  
Of ornaments unnumbered, that the light,  
Arranged and softened by the artist's hand,  
From frescoed walls, life-like, has made to stand,  
Confused and wearied, to the cushioned seats  
Sinks listless down ; but there it, startled, meets  
Fresh cause for wonder, when the glitt'ring show  
It finds itself comparing with the woe  
That's felt by those outside the massive walls,  
Who, where the shadow of that building falls,  
Day after day in vain implore for bread,  
Nor hope for rest, but with the silent dead.  
But onward move, for eyes reproving turn  
From every side, as to our business learn ;  
And looks of scorn greet us in every glance ;  
Thus, uninvited, we our only chance  
For rest discern in yonder vacant seat,  
Which we approach, but to resistance meet ;

The Christian owner, fearful lest the poor  
Who sometimes venture through the sacred door,  
Should dare to claim the vacant, cushioned pew,  
Where satins rich and flowers of every hue  
Monthly appear, has bolted fast the door,  
And all our dreams of Christian love are o'er;  
The temple has become a market-place  
Where wealth is honored, poverty disgraced;  
Where right to hear the word of God is sold,  
And heaven's passports bought with paltry gold.  
But one approaches; willing we suspend  
Our condemnation till we see the end;  
For should one soul, who bears a Christian name,  
Of all the throng, without a blush of shame  
For our imagined wants a pity feel,  
And invitation give with him to kneel,  
Awhile forget his consequential pride,  
Proffer the vacant seat—that's by his side,  
We'd willing yield that he, who bore the name,  
Had gained a partial right at least, to claim  
Himself as follower of the Spirit meek,  
Who, with the humble fisherman would speak  
In preference to the wisest of the land;  
Who ne'er refused to give the welcome hand  
And with endearing name of *brother*, hail  
The lowest wretch of all the earthly vale.  
And now, perchance, the man who comes this way  
Deems it a blessed privilege to obey

The teachings of that pure, that gentle breast,  
Where pity for the humblest found a rest ;  
But why does he each step of his advance,  
Return inquiring look with scornful glance ?  
And why where should be seen the pitying tear,  
Rests on his face that bitter, cruel sneer ?  
Can tattered robes and famine-hollowed cheek,  
Can silvery locks that age and sorrow speak,  
Be deemed objections to an entrance here ?  
We soon shall know, for now approaching near  
To us he speaks—he bids us leave the place,  
Nor thus, presumptuous, dare to show the face  
Of poverty again within the door ;  
Nor dare profane with vulgar foot the floor  
Which has been consecrated scarce a week  
As dwelling of the Lord, where he can speak,  
Through ministers appointed, to the world ;  
Where Christian banners have been late unfurled,  
Their mottoes sculptured on the fretted walls,  
“ Good-will to men ”—“ the Gospel free to all.”  
The Gospel free ? what mockery is this,  
When *gold* must pave the path that leads to bliss !  
Good-will to men ? quick, quick the words erase,  
That they have been, leave not the faintest trace ;  
But, on the tablets where they stood, engrave,  
While truth approving doth her pinions wave,  
“ Here bow the knee if thou hast gold to pay,  
And to the great ‘ I Am ’ in comfort pray ;

If thou hast none, depart unblessed, nor dare  
Attempt to mingle with the polished prayer  
That from the proud, the wealthy, here ascends ;  
Thy uncouth language, which but poorly blends  
With liquid words, that, in the mode approved  
By latest fashion, seem as if they moved  
From beauty's lips, impelled by ease along ;  
Not from the heart, but like some careless song  
Which has its birth upon the thoughtless tongue,  
'The sentiment forgotten ere 'tis sung."  
Engrave such words as these upon thy walls  
And truth, at least, will dwell within thy halls ;  
But never more within this building dare  
Allow a falsehood, plain as this, to stare  
The humble, truthful seeker in the face ;  
For if a constant effort to erase  
The word offending is but labor vain,  
Your duty then, it seems, would tell you plain  
These glaring opposites to reconcile  
By opening to the poor each gorgeous aisle,  
That famished souls, who scarcely yet have heard  
Of their Creator, may receive the word  
And feel, upspringing in each saddened breast,  
The feeble hope that they can find the rest  
They've vainly sought for on the selfish earth,  
When their freed spirits have the promised birth  
In spheres that circle 'bove the sensuous plane,  
Where heavenly joys, unmixed with earthly pain,

They'll even feel, nor fear from spirit born  
To e'er receive the cruel looks of scorn  
That, through their pilgrimage in mortal frames,  
Have ever greeted their unhonored names.  
Again outside the walls, we've only learned  
That from the house of God the poor are spurned,  
Which speaks not well for Liberty's abode ;  
Yet once again we'll try the sacred road  
In which it seems so difficult to stay ;  
And now, methinks, that " narrow is the way  
And few there be who find it," we've been told ;  
But that 'twas only found by aid of *gold*,  
We've never heard ; perchance the secret lies  
In wealth alone, for which the good and wise  
Of every age have sought ; if this be so,  
We who have suffered will the secret know.  
A moment will suffice us for the change,  
These tattered rags to costly folds arrange,  
And now, with footing firm and head erect,  
With glance which claims as rightful due respect,  
Wearing our earthly wealth upon our backs—  
In this we only follow in the tracks  
Of many who have passed the inner door—  
Again the consecrated threshold o'er  
We proudly step—what wondrous change is wrought !  
What servile cringing has our garments brought !  
The man who, but a moment since, the door  
With rudeness showed us, bows him to the floor ;

Our entrance welcomes with officious haste,  
And foolishly unconscious of the waste  
Of words polite, bows us within the aisle,  
Where doors are opened with obliging smile,  
And seats that but a moment since seemed filled,  
As if some power mysterious had willed  
Increasing room, find still a vacant place,  
Which courteous owners with inviting face,  
That scarce a moment back with scorn and pride,  
Greeted our presence—offer by their side ;  
And we accept with condescending grace  
The cushioned, poverty-forbidden place,  
Resign ourselves awhile to silent thought,  
To speculation on the change that's wrought  
By scarce a moment's absence—'tis not gold !  
Were our possessions *earthly* to be sold,  
The one that bought would find it easy task,  
Be only for our robes obliged to ask ;  
And while we gaze around, we many see  
Who from the anxious cares of wealth are free ;  
Alike with us they rich possessions lack,  
Except the show of wealth upon the back ;  
Nor is it virtue, for we many find  
Beneath this roof of base, deceitful mind ;  
And here we see, with sanctimonious face  
Within the highest, most exclusive place,  
The man, that fruits of vicious, sinful shame,  
Permit the most exalted seat to claim ;

But here the secret of admission lies—  
Not in our wealth, for he indeed were wise  
Who could discern amid the varied throng  
Of costly robes, which did to wealth belong ;  
He is advanced in wisdom who can say,  
In this the *noon* of imitative day,  
Who imitates, and who has right to wear,  
Who part, and who their whole possessions bear  
Upon their backs ; of this they have no test,  
And so they bow them to the 'broidered vest ;  
To polished coats offer each vacant seat,  
And turn the coarser fabrics to the street.  
Virtue and goodness with an entrance here  
Have naught to do. Let angels drop a tear  
As the fact humiliating speak—  
"Tis *purity of cloth*, not heart, they seek.  
The man who robs the widow of her mite,  
To worship in this sacred place has right,  
While she whose heart is wrung to furnish gold,  
For which this sacred privilege is sold,  
Lacking the passport to admittance here,  
With heart despairing and with gushing tear  
Is driven to her dreary room unblest,  
Starving and prayerless sinks awhile to rest,  
No friend on earth from misery to save,  
And none to tell of hope beyond the grave.  
Oh, Liberty ! in vain for thee I seek !  
Naught do I see thy presence here to speak !



The place where, of all others, thou shouldst dwell,  
Seems as surrounded by a triple spell  
Of slavery ; not only tyrant gold  
Confronts each entrance with his visage bold,  
But fashion throws her slavish mantle o'er  
Each soul that passes the emblazoned door ;  
While superstition, of the dreaded three  
The most tyrannical, enthroned we see  
In yonder desk, its vengeful thunders hurled  
We hear each hour against the erring world,  
Striving the germ of Liberty to crush,  
Watching with care each whispered thought to hush,  
Lest they should kindle fires in Freedom's breast,  
Which, faint and smould'ring, suit the tyrant best.  
Disgusted with the sight we leave our seat,  
Nor wish again our visit to repeat,  
But safer feel where to the public gaze  
Vice is exposed, than where disguised it prays,  
To outward eyes appearing spirit-bright,  
But to the inner gaze a thing of-night,  
Which darker grows the more it strives to hide  
Beneath that robe of sanctity and pride.  
Alas ! that followers of the Spirit pure,  
Who sight of misery could not long endure,  
Should dream they were obeying his commands,  
By proudly turning from imploring hands  
To kneel in prayer beneath this fretted dome,  
Whose ornaments alone would find a home,

And hundreds furnish with a place of rest,  
Who now repose upon the earth's chill breast—  
Would turn to notes of joy the wailing sound  
That compasses these massive walls around.  
But from the West a mighty shout is heard,  
And men awaken at the magic word ;  
Their preparations make, with lightened heart,  
Nor grieve from comforts of their homes to part ;  
But leave Atlantic's bays with happy song,  
And on Pacific's shore by thousands throng.  
What joyful sound has made them cease to grieve  
That they behind must every comfort leave ?  
What is't attracts them to that distant shore ?  
'Tis not to listen to Pacific's roar—  
For the Atlantic, with her mountain waves,  
Makes sweeter music, where their father's graves  
By them neglected line her verdant shores ;  
And spring's reviving sun its blessing pours  
Alike on Eastern and on Western plain ;  
Each pleasure there receives its share of pain ;  
And waters sparkling on those Western hills,  
Can not surpass in purity the rills  
That dash adown the Eastern mountain's side—  
Then why should men, leaving the youthful bride,  
E'en at the altar, hasten to those hills ?  
What mighty power, that but a moment wills,  
Is followed by this moving, breathing host,  
Until vast cities line the Western coast ;

Till wilds, that late re-echoed but the yell  
Of savage warrior, as enchanted spell  
Is resting on them, teem with busy life,  
And hewer's axe, instead of cruel knife,  
With jarring pick and rattling spade is heard ?  
In vain we strive to think what moving word  
Such fires can kindle in the human soul—  
But ah ! perhaps we've nearly reached the goal !  
The prize we deemed as lost, perchance may rest  
On yonder shore—what, in the human breast  
But Liberty, could kindle such a flame ?  
And what, but sound of that neglected name,  
Could wake the slumb'ring thousands from their sleep,  
To leave, unmindful of the friends that weep,  
Each scene familiar for those mountains wild ?  
What else, from sobbing wife and wond'ring child,  
Could loving husband, doting father part ?  
For what but Freedom could the tender heart  
Still the deep yearning for its childhood's home,  
Alone and friendless on those shores to roam ?  
It must be that—and now, rejoicing, speed  
We to those distant shores, nor e'er have need  
Of human aid to help our joyful flight ;  
For thought excels so much in speed the sight,  
Which darts so sudden through the distant space,  
That by its side, as sluggard's weary pace,  
The fearful lightning's blinding flash appears ;  
That, soon as sight its course commencing steers,

Thought finishes the journey just begun ;  
Alike with thought the spirit-journey's done,  
Soon as it wills, the place it seeks is gained  
Ere time with age has e'en a moment stained.  
Now we thus will, and on Pacific's sand,  
Unseen by those around us, gazing-stand,  
And, for a moment, scarcely feel the change,  
Nor, till your eyes take more extended range,  
Can realize that 'tis the distant ground  
For which we sought ; for still the busy sound  
Of mingled voices greets the list'ning ear,  
And crowded streets on every side appear ;  
For here the Western, like the Eastern sky,  
By lofty blocks forbidden to the eye,  
In meager patches only can be seen ;  
And where but late was rude, uncultured green,  
With silence hardly broken by a sound,  
The dashing coach and rattling cart are found ;  
The lively green to dingy red gives place,  
Until there now is hardly left a trace  
That Nature unmolested here did reign,  
That solitude had dwelling on this plain.  
But yet no whisper of the magic word  
That wrought this sudden, wondrous change we've heard ;  
And seeking it, we'll join the moving throng  
That, by it, seem as still impelled along ;  
They leave behind Pacific's wave-washed shore,  
Turn from the city's never-ceasing roar,

And, like the waves of a resistless tide,  
Sweep onward to the distant mountain's side ;  
Hope sits enthroned upon each weary face,  
Quickens the lagging, half exhausted pace  
As, near approaching to those cloud-capped hills,  
They hear the murmur of their dancing rills,  
And soon will learn the power that draws them here ;  
But in my soul upsprings a growing fear  
That disappointment, with her envious dart,  
Again stands ready to transfix my heart ;  
For now each eye upon the earth is bent,  
And avaricious glance around is sent  
From ev'ry soul of all this hurrying throng ;  
Such selfish glance we know can ne'er belong  
To votaries of Liberty—her name  
Was never coupled with that word of shame ;  
For he who seeks to robes of Freedom wear,  
Wishes the world that privilege to share ;  
But what besides could tempt them from each home,  
Through desolated wilds like these to roam ?  
Approach yon eager crowd—the story's told !  
The sacrifice is made for love of gold ;  
And looks of avarice no longer seem  
As out of place, for where the yellow gleam  
Of glitt'ring gold is found, av'rice a rest  
Is sure to gain, within the finder's breast.  
But can it be that man, who blindly sleeps  
When violated Freedom 'round him weeps ;

Who unmoved listens to despairing sighs  
Of mental slavery, heeds not wailing cries  
Of thousands 'round him, feels a kindling flame  
At sight of gold ? this, this indeed is shame !  
If Liberty could waken half the fire  
That rages, kindled by gold's base desire ;  
Could cause the soul to half these dangers dare,  
The earth not long would chains of slavery wear ;  
One half the labor that is spent for gold,  
And thoughts divine could not be bought and sold ;  
The many would no longer to the few  
Yield blind obedience, but accept the true,  
The never-changing laws of God, for rule,  
As soon from Nature as Tradition's school.  
My spirit 's burdened with the sick'ning sight,  
And fain from earth would take its final flight !  
Such sad debasement fills my soul with shame  
That ever I have borne an earthly name !  
To see immortal spirits groping 'round,  
By chains of selfishness so firmly bound  
That e'en the dust they tread upon 's preferred  
To Liberty—the heaven-exalted word—  
Where gold, pronounced, would raise resistless flame,  
Failing to e'en a passing notice claim,  
Fills my sad, disappointed heart with grief,  
To which but absence can afford relief.  
But where can I absent myself from sight  
Of scenes like this ? if I direct my flight

On backward path and gain thy Eastern shore,  
Not only do I find them to the ore  
Yielding, as slaves, the free, immortal mind;  
But pride and fashion are with wealth combined,  
While dread monopoly and bigot chains  
Make four-fold slavery on those fertile plains!  
One place alone is left in all thy bounds—  
The smiling South—the wild, mysterious mounds  
Which scattered o'er thy Western prairies lie,  
Pass'd by the savage e'en in rev'rence by,  
As relicts of a mighty, extinct race,  
We've stood upon; Ontario's ruffled face  
Have traveled o'er, and on thy Northern hills  
Listened to whispered songs from leaping rills;  
Stood wond'ring at Niagara's deafening roar;  
Inhaled Atlantic's breeze on Eastern shore  
In search of Liberty—where dashing waves,  
Like savage beast that 'gainst its prison raves,  
Upon Pacific's golden barriers rush,  
As if beneath their mountain weight to crush  
The tow'ring cliffs that ages long have stood,  
Like silent sentinels, to guard the flood;  
We've sought for Freedom but have found it not,  
And now we'll turn us to that smiling spot  
Where sons of chivalry are said to dwell;  
For chivalry had ever Freedom's spell  
Entwining with it in its darkest hour;  
When tyranny held undisputed power,

Threat'ning to crush the soul that dared to speak  
Of outraged rights, whatever, for the weak ;  
Feared not to battle 'gainst the tyrant wrong ?  
'Twas chivalry ! and daring deeds in song  
Have often of her noble sons been told,  
Who, for the right, 'gainst mighty odds were bold.  
If chivalry, then, in its young, dawning day  
So much of Freedom had, what bright'ning ray  
Must now illume Columbia's verdant plains,  
Where sceptered tyranny no longer reigns ?  
What deeds beneath its ever genial sun  
Must daily by her votaries be done  
For Freedom's cause, of which we never hear ?  
Should on its broad savannas fall a tear  
From soul oppressed, quick would that tear be caught  
By some adventurous knight. the cause be sought,  
The proud oppressor made to feel the weight  
Of Freedom's arm, nerved by the righteous hate  
That dwells secure, unshaken in the breast  
Of chivalry, by groans of the oppressed  
Each day increased against the tyrant mind  
Who dares, unblushing, on his brother bind  
Burdens 'neath which himself would sink to earth ;  
Scenes like to this, where chivalry has birth,  
Must every day be seen ; and where, for right  
Against the wrong, such overpowering might  
Is ever found, that wrong must surely end,  
And naught but songs of happiness ascend



To greet the list'ning seraph's joyful ear.  
Those plains of promise now we're drawing near,  
And list to try if we can catch the strains  
Of joy, that fancy, on those Southern plains,  
Has bid arise in never-ceasing songs  
From smiling Liberty's enchanted throngs.  
But now an anguished shriek her vision breaks,  
And at the fearful cry my soul awakes  
To ask the meaning of that boding sound ;  
To make inquiry why this promised ground  
Should such a robe of desolation wear ;  
What mean the looks of unresigned despair  
That greet us now whichever side we turn ?  
Oh ! can it be that we have yet to learn,  
America, of deeper, darker stains,  
Marring the face of Freedom's boasted plains,  
Than soul-debasing, mental slavery brings ?  
Fain would I hush the spirit-jarring strings  
I now must sweep to tell (Oh ! worse than shame !  
That such a blot should rest upon thy name,  
Country of Washington !) that sinews, bone,  
Blood, flesh, and souls, from child to manhood grown,  
Alike with brutes are bartered here for gold—  
Husband from wife, and wife from husband sold ;  
The wailing infant from its mother's breast  
By lustful master torn, its place of rest  
Denied, for reasons best unto *him* known—  
For songs of joy, the tortured victim's groan.

Writhing beneath the driver's cruel lash,  
Which leaves behind each blow a quiv'ring gash,  
Each moment can our list'ning spirits hear ;  
Oh ! could that shame by angel's spotless tear  
Be washed, Columbia, from thy favored shore,  
From spheres celestial would such torrents pour  
That naught could stand before the sweeping flood ;  
The torturing " cat" stiffened with human blood,  
Flesh-biting thong with clanking, grating chain,  
The fiend-invented screw, whose hellish pain  
Would cause the stoutest, firmest heart to quail,  
The seller's "*pen*," the loathsome, dreaded jail,  
Alike would mingle in one ruined mass,  
And from the sight of man forever pass !  
This may not be ; and here such wrongs are done  
Beneath the glaring light of noonday sun,  
Where modern chivalry is boldly claimed,  
That ancient deeds of tyranny are shamed,  
And from the strife disgusted quick retire,  
Nor to such worse than tyranny aspire ;  
To modern wrongs their ancient doings yield,  
And, fairly vanquished, quit the shameful field.  
See men, like brutes, here smarting 'neath the whip,  
While yawning owners of their coffee sip,  
And grow indignant as the news they read  
Of Magyar patriots, who by thousands bleed ;  
Exclaim against proud Austria's cruel hate,  
Which dooms, unpitying, to such bloody fate

Those noble chiefs, because they seek their right  
To Liberty 'gainst overpowering might.  
What means that sudden flush? is 't crimson shame,  
Or is it indignation's burning flame,  
Which mantles all his brow and temples o'er  
And bids him angry pace the matted floor?  
'Tis both combined, that Haynau's bloody hand  
Should still more shameful sacrifice demand;  
'Tis shame, that he to public lash should dare  
A trembling, weak, defenseless woman bare—  
'Tis indignation, that the coward hearts  
Who viewed her, with'ring 'neath the maddening smarts,  
Shrinking beneath the deeper, deadlier wound  
Of violated modesty, around  
Should trembling stand, with nerveless, folded hand,  
Nor dare resistance to the fiend's demand;  
'Tis this his shame and indignation makes,  
Till trembling servant 'neath his anger quakes  
And fears to cross his often turning path,  
Lest on his head should fall the smothered wrath.  
And now, in fancy, on that distant shore  
He proudly stands, fights Hung'ry's battles o'er,  
Gives Liberty to patriots confined,  
The "woman-whipper," in his 'vengeful mind,  
Binds to the stake where late his victim stood,  
And smiles to see the gout of tyrant blood  
Gather upon the brutal butcher's back;  
Nor of his fancy-giving blows will slack

Till, sudden summoned to the world of real,  
He, ling'ring, leaves behind the stake ideal  
To list the summons ; 'tis that human mould,  
His rightful property (by right of gold),  
A slender woman with her infant child  
Stands bound, just captured from the forest wild,  
Where she had fled from man to savage beast ;  
On acorns wild and bitter roots to feast,  
Resting her head by hissing adder's den,  
For, rather than return to haunts of men,  
She'd dare the venom'd viper's fatal sting,  
Which, at the worst, but sudden death could bring :  
For what was slavery, but a fourfold death ?  
What use to her was life-inspiring breath ?  
'Twas worse than mockery to live and breathe,  
Each day beneath the goading lash to writhe ;  
No hope on earth to which her soul could cling  
While all beyond was dark imagining ;  
What use to gaze upon her infant's face,  
But future years of agony to trace,  
And, in her wild imagination, dream  
Of smothered groan and soul-distracting scream  
From him she cradled on her aching breast ?  
To think the darling child she now caressed,  
Whose little heart, unconscious of her tears,  
Bounded with joy, should feel in coming years  
The heavy weight of mis'ry she had felt ;—  
His back be furrowed with the scar and welt ;

That now unconscious spirit, free from care,  
The crushing weight of slavery should bear  
That she had borne, to desperation wrought  
Her mother's heart, till, in the swamp she sought  
For Liberty by man to her denied !  
Only when trampled does the viper spring,  
But men for very selfishness will sting.  
Oh what a state is this ! when forest wild,  
Whose matted branches through the sun ne'er smiled,  
Where beasts are lurking for expected prey,  
And slimy serpents 'cross the tangled way  
Lay coiled, entwining in disgusting heap—  
Where endless croaking, filthy night-birds keep,  
A paradise to panting souls should seem !  
Oh ! is there not one struggling, ling'ring beam  
Of Liberty, to pierce this gloomy night ?  
Or must God's image seek in trembling flight  
A refuge in the darkened, loathsome den  
Of hissing reptiles, from the eyes of men  
Who claim him property ? the only sin  
Of which he's guilty found—his sable skin. .  
Must spirits of the noble, patriotic dead  
View on these plains, where they have fought and bled  
For Liberty, such scenes of tyrant power ?  
Why o'er these hills did clouds of battle lower ?  
Why thundered cannon through each peaceful vale,  
Causing the cheek of anxious wife to pale ?  
Why fell the widow'd mother's scalding tear

So oft above the reeking, bloody bier  
Of darling son, her only hope and stay,  
Who, when he fell, obscured the brightest ray  
That lingered still to cheer her widowed soul?—  
Was 't not to 'scape from tyranny's control  
That human blood, like drenching summer rains,  
From patriot hearts watered these flow'ry plains?  
Was 't not for Liberty? then why's the cord,  
For one who seeks it now, deemed fit award?  
Why should that woman cower at the sight  
Of stake and rope, beneath the searching light  
Of Freedom's sun? why sinks her trembling heart  
At sight of him who patriot Magyar's part  
But now was taking 'gainst the tyrant foe?  
Why turn those eyes, that speak imploring woe  
Upon the man, whose soul indignant burned,  
Who, in his heart, the "woman-whipper" spurned  
As brutal wretch—whose bloody, tyrant name  
Should ever rest beneath a blot of shame?  
Is 't for protection that she seeks his eye?  
We're answered by that low, despairing sigh—  
Protection, such as hungry tigers give,  
Bidding the prey they crouch above, to live,  
Till long continued, never varying sight,  
To keener relish whets the appetite,  
Is the protection that she will receive;  
For he, the man who distant wrongs can grieve,  
With self-same tongue that cursed the Austrian's name

Upon the scroll of just, impartial fame  
His own has placed—with Haynau's to compare—  
By bidding drivers' ruffian hand to bare  
To savage "cat" her shrinking, trembling form,  
While he, unpitying, as the life-blood warm  
Trickles adown her fainting, sinking frame,  
Reproaches her without a blush of shame,  
That she to seek for Liberty should dare ;  
Nor listens to her piteous, wailing prayer  
Till she beneath the brutal scourging sinks,  
When he, unburdened of his anger, drinks  
Again his morning draught ; sheds feeling tears  
O'er Ireland's wrongs, while echoes in his ears  
Uncared, unthought of e'en, the anguished moan  
Of woman scourged ; such sounds have common grown  
Unto his hardened ear, till it would seem  
That he can only foreign outrage dream ;  
His eyes so oft have viewed such shameful sight,  
That they must needs take higher, wider flight,  
With outraged rights on Europe's distant shore  
To sympathize ; while tyranny his door  
So compasses around, that lowest serf  
Who daily turns the barren, fruitless turf  
In the dominions of the northern Czar,  
Would feel as double weight, as triple bar,  
Depriving him of e'en the shallow hope  
To which, as drowning man grasps friendly rope,  
The lowest feudal serf may ever cling.

And what inflicts a deeper, keener sting  
Upon the soul, already crushed with care,  
Than slavery's fearful attribute, despair ?  
Were smiling hope from every bosom hurled,  
How cheerless, comfortless would seem the world !  
Like hand extended which has naught to clasp,  
The mind its own dark images would grasp  
Then seek in death, o'erpowered by the sight  
Itself had conjured up, oblivion's night.  
But turn from the degrading, hateful sight  
To where one seeks, in cunning, stealthy flight  
Thy northern hills, where he, by chance, has heard  
Is found the meaning of that precious word  
So oft pronounced by master's thoughtless tongue,  
So often by the happy mistress sung  
As glorious boon, entailed by patriot sires,  
As waking in the dullest bosom fires  
Which tyranny to quench has strove in vain ;  
But which has burned, undimmed, upon each plain  
Since haughty Britons strove to crush its germ,  
And found America no stingless worm !  
He feels a fire is raging in his breast,  
That will not let him in his bondage rest ;  
And hope has whispered, that the rest denied,  
With chains of slav'ry clanking by his side,  
That peace and quiet, for the rankling smart,  
Which, like a worm, is gnawing at his heart,  
The summit of those snow-tipp'd mountains passed



And Northern valleys reached, will find at last ;  
His bands he breaks—goes forth in manly might  
To seek for Freedom, which he feels his right ;  
Though tangled bush and tearing thorn would stay  
His course direct, though streams obstruct his way,  
He dashes in, nor fears the rapids strong—  
Not half the terrors to their roar belong  
That dwell in slavery—that crushing word !  
Its horrors who can tell, or who has heard ?  
They're only found upon the trembling lip  
Of one that's cowered 'neath the biting whip ;  
The aching limbs, the torn and bleeding feet  
With him are naught, for Liberty is sweet,  
And hope is whisp'ring that, beyond those hills,  
His weary limbs may bathe in Freedom's rills.  
But ah ! what cloud obscures the coming day ?  
Why start those drops of fear ? the warning bay  
He hears upon his track, of savage hound,  
And with wild throbbings does his heart rebound ;  
Fear takes possession of the sacred seat  
Which, but a moment since, was hope's retreat ;  
His trembling limbs no more obey his will,  
And dread despair has sent a death-like chill  
Upon his heart, till e'en the stream that flows  
From out its depths, like fast congealing snows  
Winding their sluggish way through mountain rill—  
Each moment threat'ning to their progress still—  
Seems as each labored movement were its last ;

Till, nerveless, his despairing form is cast  
Helpless, extended on the turfless ground,  
Scarce conscious of the distant, baying hound.  
Is there no hope ? must Freedom's promised streams  
Be only known to him in longing dreams ?  
Are all his patient sufferings to end  
In worse than naught ? will God no refuge send ?  
E'en death itself to slavery 's preferred ;  
And, as that savage howl is nearer heard,  
A hope is gaining foothold in his breast,  
That in its chill embrace he'll find a rest ;  
For well he knows, as baying echoes ring  
Throughout those wilds, that bloody fangs will bring  
A certain, though a lingering, cruel death.  
But better far to thus resign his breath,  
Better those foaming jaws his flesh should tear,  
Than he be doomed those cursed chains to wear ;  
Better, than feel upon his quiv'ring back  
Again the driver's whip, that hellish rack,  
With all the tortures that each fiendish mind  
Of every age has dreamed, should be combined  
In one vast engine 'gainst his shrinking frame,  
Inflicting cruelties for which a name  
'Twere vain to seek where icy chains a spell  
Have endless thrown, that in the deepest hell  
Imagination vile can conjure up—  
Where vengeful demons on fresh tortures sup—  
Can ne'er be found, if welcome, friendly death

With them would come, to still his tortured breath,  
For then his woes and sufferings would end ;  
But years of misery again to spend,  
To one that's felt a spark of Freedom's flame,  
That's *whispered* only Liberty's blest name,  
Is cruelty distilled ; each shameful lash,  
Howe'er so light, through thinking brain will crash ;  
Each clank of the degrading, slavish chain  
Will pierce such heart with deeper, keener pain  
Than death can bring, though in its fiercest mood.  
But hark ! another sound steals through the wood,  
Mingling its echoes with the bloodhound's bay  
And terrors new now dart across the way  
To start the fugitive from his despair ;  
And look resigned is changed to hopeless stare ;  
With freshened strength he hurries from the place,  
New terrors painted on his startled face.  
From whence proceeds the low, mysterious sound,  
Causing the heart with fear renewed to bound,  
Which calmly beat at thought of bloodhound's fang ;  
Nor which, as near the horrid bayings rang  
Increased, for e'en a moment's space, its speed ?  
The cause must e'en be told though hearts should bleed  
At such a tale, 'twas voice of *man* he heard—  
And (oh, I shame to speak the bitter word !)  
Where bloodhound's yell had failed to terror wake,  
That voice such horror to his spirit spake  
That he awoke almost as 'twere from death,

To seek anew with panting, labored breath,  
A refuge for the form from human laws  
Which he had, to the reeking, bloody jaws  
Of raving hound yielded as willing prey,  
O'erpowered by weight of wearied, anguish'd clay.  
But fiercer yell proclaims fresh-scented track,  
As up yon tangled hill the vengeful pack,  
With foam-flecked jaws and drooping tongue, appear ;  
While human hunters, close upon the rear,  
With ruffian shouts urge on the lagging way,  
For fresh-turned leaf speaks near approach to prey ;  
And they, already, in their brutal hearts  
Are gloating o'er the hunted wretch's smarts ;  
List'ning, in fancy, to his piteous cry—  
Oh well may'st thou from such vile monsters fly !  
Nor fear the half from reeking fang of hound  
Of cruelty, that in the breast is found  
Of brother man ! but speed thy wav'ring flight,  
For shouts increasing speak thy form in sight,  
And soon thy short-lived Liberty will end ;  
E'en now I see the robe of slavery blend  
Its pall-black folds with Freedom's lighter dress !  
Almost it has thee in its curs'd caress !  
On ! on, nor sink ; through yonder wood a gleam,  
Flashing, appears of swiftly running stream ;  
And that may save thee from the tyrant's power  
Which would have seemed a curse in former hour ;  
The stream that causes thy worn pace to slack,

May turn both hound and hunter from thy track.  
He gains the bank, he plunges 'neath the wave,  
And while the hunters, disappointed, rave,  
Hid from their sight, he seeks a safe retreat ;  
Securely smiles, as fast retiring feet  
Tell him that doubling trick, on backward trail,  
Has turned pursuers to a distant vale ;  
Then quick emerges from the friendly stream,  
For well he knows not long they'll blindly dream  
That flying fugitive is just before ;  
But, new commencing on the other shore,  
The hound again will scent his wearied path,  
Again the hunter, with increasing wrath,  
Will follow closely on the scented track ;  
E'en now, ascending from the distant pack,  
He hears the bay that wild confusion tells,  
And from his heart the life-blood curdling wells,  
Almost refusing to its task perform ;  
But views ahead, with life his pulses warm,  
For few brief steps and he the height will gain  
Which overlooks bless'd Freedom's promised plain.  
And now he stands upon the topmost peak,  
With thoughts too big for human lips to speak—  
The task were worthy of an angel's tongue ;  
By seraph bands alone should thoughts be sung  
That spring, o'erwhelming, from the thankful soul  
When first it's freed from slavery's control,  
And feels that Liberty 's no idle dream,

Its brightning ray no false, delusive beam  
Of Fancy's own creating, but a light  
That evermore increases, till the night  
Of slavery and oppression flees away,  
Yielding its place to purer, brighter day.  
What though the baying hound is close behind ?  
His heart is lighter, now that Freedom's wind  
With kindly murmurings sweeps across his brow ;  
His limbs have lost the heaviness but now,  
Like rabid beast pursued, they seemed to wear ;  
Hope sits enthroned where late was but despair,  
And, with fresh speed, he leaves his foes behind,  
Upon the trails which now, too late, they find ;  
Nor wavers till he gains the distant vale,  
Till he, to man, has told his piteous tale ;  
Then sinks, exhausted by each bleeding wound,  
And wakes to find himself securely bound—  
Shut out, by prison walls, from heaven's light ;  
And why ? because he dared assert his right  
To Freedom bravely, 'gainst the cursed wrong  
Which falsely says that man does not belong  
Unto himself, but can for glitt'ring gold, .  
Like burdened beast, by brother man be sold.  
But stood he not on Freedom's promised land,  
Which, gained, gives Liberty to shackled hand ?  
Did he not reach the promised, hoped-for soil,  
That takes oppressive chain from foot of toil ?  
Did not his sleeping with his waking dreams,

Teach him the center of those scattered beams  
That sometimes glanced across his dreary way—  
Giving the promise of a brighter day—  
To seek where those proud cliffs their shadows cast,  
As if in haste to meet the chilling blast,  
That sweeps with icy breath from northern pole ?  
Did they not whisper to his famished soul  
That Liberty, the food for which it pined,  
Those valleys gained, unstinted, it would find ?  
Such hope they gave—but then they were but dreams,  
And, like the ripple of thy limpid streams,  
Which startle with their mirrored suns the eye,  
Passing the cloud almost unnoticed by,  
They caught the rays from many noble hearts,  
And sought with them to ease the captive's smarts ;  
But did not tell that man, for worldly fame,  
Had helped perpetuate the blighting shame,  
Which makes the stripes that grace your banners proud  
The jest and by-word of the mocking crowd,  
By placing on thy statute books a law,  
Yielding the flying victim to the maw  
Of greedy tyranny—the deed of shame  
Striving to shield beneath the holy name  
Of justice !—word so long, so much abused,  
So oft by fools and knaves designing used  
To cover deeds of selfishness and crime.  
What right has he, of North or Southern clime,  
To claim as his the free, immortal mind

Of brother man ? does justice help to bind  
The clanking chain upon the manly wrist  
Of one that dares be free ? does it assist  
The brutal driver, with blood-stiffened lash  
The shrinking back of trembling slave to gash ?  
Does it, regardless of the truth declared  
By early patriots, who fearless bared  
To British steel each noble breast, to prove  
That all were equal born and free to move  
On equal plane, yield rightful servant one,  
Because his skin is tinged by torrid sun,  
To him that has perchance a fairer skin ?  
No, never ! justice such a damning sin  
Would ne'er indorse ; her even-balanced scales,  
Held by the steady hand that never fails,  
Not long would waver, but with anxious speed  
Would kick the beam 'gainst the unrighteous deed ;  
Though all the land that's worked by slavish toil,  
Heaped with its many years of robber spoil,  
Its houses, " pens," its fetters, chains, and stakes,  
Its cattle—brute and human—all that makes  
A Southern home, with owners' selves combined  
In one vast weight, itself would wanting find,  
When, in the other scale, the tears and groans,  
The piteous screams, the heart-despairing moans  
Of those were placed, whose never-ceasing sweat  
Of agony and grief, that soil has wet.  
Speak not of justice when you strive to bind,



By law permitted, the immortal mind !  
In silence, rather, wield the lawful sledge,  
Muffle the blow that drives the ready wedge  
Which holds, securely holds, each cursed link  
Of slavery's chain ; but did'st thou ever think  
That when the wedge which binds secure is driven,  
Its way it finds, though by the shock is riven  
The tough'ned fibers of the mighty oak—  
With arm contracted for another stroke,  
Smiling, self-satisfied, as tighter grow  
The grating chains beneath each damning blow—  
Dost ever think this blow may break the bands  
It strives to wedge—free countless captives' hands  
From fetters which they've vainly strove to break ?  
Of this thou'st never dreamed ; but fires will wake,  
By desperation fanned, howe'er so low  
They now may burn ; each cruel, taunting blow,  
Though laid upon the least, hastens the day  
When slavery's curse, forever swept away  
By fires now fresh'ning, shall no more be known ;  
Its name be found in history alone.  
But, till that time, we'll leave the fruitless search—  
For home of Liberty, where Christian church  
With the peculiar institution blends,  
'Tis vain to seek—when priest-appointed bends  
From his high place to pamper to such wrong ;  
When holy word, alike with holy song,  
Are brought to prove it God's appointed way

That some were born in slavish bonds to stay ;  
We feel that Freedom ne'er can find a rest  
Till of this ally slavery's dispossessed ;  
Till sacred desks no more shall be profaned  
By hireling priests ; till truths no longer stained  
By them to suit the list'ning master's ear,  
Are boldly taught by those who will not fear  
To speak like men, the free impressions given  
By angel teachers !—wrong and outrage driven  
By reason's lash, the smiling face of earth  
Will then forsake, and noble, manly worth,  
Whate'er its color, its reward will claim,  
Nor find in Afric's skin the cause for shame  
Which now it finds throughout this smiling land.  
And now, farewell, America!—each sand  
Of countless millions that compose thy shore,  
Has value far above the glitt'ring ore  
Which lies imbedded in thy mountains wild ;  
Aye, though with it the boasted wealth was piled  
Of Afric's sparkling gems—for here we find,  
Speaking the presence of undaunted mind,  
The prints of many free, advancing feet,  
And know oppressive slavery here will meet  
Its final check, though now from shore to shore  
It ranges unmolested ; evermore  
Must it advance with fast decreasing stride,  
For, moving softly by its hateful side,  
We hear the rustle of the blessed folds

Whose drapery the form of Freedom holds.  
And here we leave the theme, hoping for change  
E'er we again thy fields unbounded range,  
For deeds now done where thy free mountains cast  
Their noble shades, would shame the heathen past,  
Would put the Russian tyrant to the blush ;  
Then rise, ye noble minds ! the monster crush !  
With one united effort break the chain—  
Throughout this fruitful land leave not a stain  
To tell that slavery hath ever dwelt  
Secure upon its shores. Ye who have felt  
Its biting chain rust deep into your hearts,  
Shake off your lethargy ! take Freedom's part,  
And boldly strike against the tyrant might  
Which would deprive you of your manly right.  
Leave not one hateful, damning link to bind  
The Body, or its rightful monarch, Mind !

## The Outcast.

AWAKE, my Spirit-harp! awake, and swell

Thy notes, responsive to the thoughts inspired  
By angel minds; of heavenly bliss they tell,

Fill my roused soul with love and joy is fired  
And will not silent keep; but joins the song

Of seraph love, and sweeps thy slumbering strings,  
The joyful, happy strains to help prolong,

Till heaven's arch with thy glad music rings.

No longer sound as in thy earthly day,

When with rude hands I swept thy jarring strings;  
No longer be the burden of thy lay

The griefs, the tears that earthly pleasure brings;  
Nor tell of wars where brothers brothers meet,

And cross paternal hands in deadly strife;  
Of sons that the long-absent parents greet,

With secret longings for those parents' life.

Of these no longer sing; but tell of one,

Who wandered friendless on the smiling earth;  
Who, 'mid the thronging crowds, was still alone,  
Whom shame had followed even from her birth;

And while ye speak of her sad, early doom,  
And how unwept, unmourned, away she passed,  
Leave her not there ; but glance beyond the tomb,  
And tell us where her future lot was cast.

Tell us, if, in the silent spirit-land,  
That stricken spirit found a place of rest ;  
If there, she was refused the friendly hand,  
Or was she welcome, though a humble guest ?  
There, was she passed with looks of cruel scorn ?  
Were withering curses heaped upon her head ?  
Or did she joyful hail the spirit-morn,  
By angel hands her earth-scorned spirit led.

Loud shrieks the gale, the storm is high,  
Dark clouds are whirling through the sky,  
And fiercely drives the blinding sleet  
Through that proud city's silent street.  
Silent, for 'tis a fearful storm,  
And he that bears a human form,  
And dares to wander in that street,  
May find the snow his winding-sheet.  
That piercing gale has put to flight  
The watchful guardians of the night,  
And naught is left to tell of life  
'Mid this wild, elemental strife.  
Naught did I say ? what means yon form  
That's feebly struggling through the storm ?

Can it be one of mortal race  
Who dares this fearful gale to face ?  
Or is it but some restless sprite,  
Condemned to wander through the night,  
And ever, at such fearful time,  
Dread penance do for earthly crime ?  
That is no restless sprite ; for slow  
It struggles through the drifting snow ;  
And were it spirit of the air  
That mortal form it would not bear. .  
'Tis pausing now beneath yon light :  
Ah ! 'tis a sad, a mournful sight ;  
A female form, appearing plain,  
A wretched, guilty child of shame.  
The garb of poverty she wears,  
Her face is furrowed o'er with cares  
Untimely age has bowed her frame,  
On her is set the seal of shame.  
Sheltered a moment from the blast,  
Her wishful eyes around are cast,  
As looking for some friendly light,  
Some shelter through the dreary night.  
A glimm'ring light now greets her eye,  
Where yonder mansion to the sky  
Rears its proud head ; there sure she'll find  
A refuge from the bitter wind ;  
For who, unmindful of her fate,  
On such a night would close his gate

Against her form, though bowed with shame,  
Unworthy is of Christian name ;  
For though she years had seen of crime,  
’Twere deeper guilt at such a time  
Against her sin and shame to rail,  
Nor shelter offer from the gale.  
But who is she thus forced to roam  
In this wild storm ! has she no home ?  
That, facing thus the blinding sleet,  
She wanders through the city’s street ?  
Brief is the tale that tells her wrong—  
Such tales to every age belong.  
Far from the city’s noisy strife  
She, guileless, passed her early life ;  
And though she bore a humble name  
And sorrow knew, was free from shame,  
Or only felt it for the sake  
Of parents whom she strove to wake,  
To rouse from the vile, with’ring spell  
That made their early home a hell.  
And she was scorned, the drunkard’s child—  
No friendly word her way beguiled ;  
For those who daily bowed in prayer,  
On her poor soul no time could spare ;  
But with unwearied, tireless hands,  
They work for distant heathen lands.  
They can not leave the Hindoo souls—  
Who wander where the Ganges rolls,

And list to supplicating prayers  
From one who *Christian* garment wears ;  
In *charity* they passed their time,  
Yet left that suffering soul to crime.  
Within that wretched, squalid form  
There beat a heart as pure, as warm  
As though it dwelt in lordly halls,  
Or e'en within a palace walls ;  
A heart that longed its mate to find,  
That sought communion with its kind—  
No wonder, then, that words of love  
Should potent be her soul to move ;  
Nor, that she felt a trusting hope  
As in her ear those words were spoke,  
For who beneath that smiling face  
The tempter's hellish art could trace ?  
How should she know that words so kind  
Were but to gloss his evil mind,  
Or think that one so gentle, mild,  
Who never spurned the drunkard's child,  
But her with kindly smiles would greet,  
Could ever stoop to base deceit ?  
The plans were laid, the snares were set,  
A wily fowler drew the net ;  
Unwearied at his task he wrought,  
Till the untutored maid was caught ;  
His guilty heart she never knew  
Until the net he closer drew,



Then, roused, she struggled 'gainst her fate,  
Alas! her struggles were too late;  
His task was o'er, his work was done;  
With treach'rous words the game was won,  
While he, the guilty monster, fled,  
And left that maiden worse than dead.  
But words are useless, worse than vain,  
And can not tell the guilty shame  
That fell upon the wretched maid,  
When first she felt she was betrayed.  
Though bred in ignorance and vice,—  
She'd guarded well that pearl of price—  
The only pearl that she possessed,  
And deemed it safe within her breast;  
Unstained through scenes of crime she'd passed  
Only to be betrayed at last;  
And he, she thought so pure, so kind,  
That loving heart, that noble mind,  
Had robbed her of that gem of worth,  
Had crushed her, helpless, to the earth!  
But, though she knew in his vile heart  
That love for her ne'er had a part,  
As if her cup of grief to fill,  
She loved the base betrayer still.  
In vain she sought for earthly aid,  
In vain for speedy death she prayed;  
But earthly aid for her was not,  
And death with prayers can ne'er be bought.

From home, with curses, she was turned,  
With words of bitter scorn was spurned  
By those who should have shelter given,  
And pointed her the way to heaven.  
Unwarned, they left her to the wiles,  
The hellish arts, the treacherous smiles  
Of one, whose face his heart belied,  
His deepest guilt his greatest pride ;  
Well knowing that his only aim  
Was but to bring that maid to shame.  
But what's the maid to them, that they  
Should strive to check the tempter's way ?  
From beaten paths they never turned,  
With holy horror quick they spurned  
The thought, and would not let it rest  
One moment in their *Christian breast* ;  
But left her to her wretched fate,  
Or warning gave when 'twas too late.  
Thus driven from her native vale,  
Unsheltered from the piercing gale,  
With bleeding heart and wearied feet  
She sought the distant city's street ;  
For still within her wandering mind  
Lingers his form—perchance she'll find  
The guilty wretch who caused her grief,  
He'll surely not refuse relief ;  
But, though she bears a blasted name,  
Will save her from a deeper shame.

She still in vain for shelter seeks ;  
Her feeble form and sunken cheeks,  
Her wishful look, imploring eye  
No pity win from passers by :  
For mournful tales from forms of woe  
Are greeting them where'er they go,  
And squalid forms with sunken cheek,  
Imploring eyes that suffering speak,  
With wrong triumphing over right,  
Have grown familiar to their sight.  
Thus, with her, passed the weary day,  
Till night on her exhausted way  
Its mantle's sable folds had cast,  
And 'round her swept its chilling blast ;  
A warning to that soul distressed,  
That she had yet no place to rest.  
From all the heartless, busy throng  
Who passed the city's streets along,  
Except from one, no kindly word .  
That trembling, suffering girl had heard ;  
One only listened to her prayers,  
One only learned her wrongs, her cares,  
And she could little do to aid,  
Or cheer the anguish-stricken maid ;  
For she was one at whom the world  
The lip of scorn had often curled ;  
From sin and shame ne'er tried to save,  
But doomed to an unhonored grave.

Though sunk in crime, she's not so low  
That she can pass such look of woe  
Unmoved ; but gives (though it appears  
But useless gift) a woman's tears ;  
Still, it was all that she possessed,  
And coming from such guilty breast,  
The purest, brightest gem that shines—  
The richest of Golconda's mines—  
In worth with it can ne'er compare ;  
Earth's purest gems not half so rare  
As sympathizing tears, that flow  
From hearts of guilt at scenes of woe.  
O shame ! to all the Christian crowd  
Who passed that form with sorrow bowed,  
Nor checked their speed at woman's wail,  
Nor listened to her plaintive tale ;  
Unheeding her imploring face,  
They but increase their hurried pace,  
As though to pity one so vile  
Would their pure hearts with sin defile.  
And can this be a Christian land,  
Where all refuse the helping hand ?  
Repenting now she feels her shame,  
Will no one labor to reclaim  
From worse reproach her blasted name ?  
Shall it be said the Christian's creed  
Learns him to break the bruised reed ?  
Not such a lesson that One gave ;

He stooped the vilest wretch to save—  
While they who follow in his path,  
Would leave that sinful soul to wrath.  
Of all the throng that passed her there,  
But one would listen to her prayer ;  
And she a wanderer on the earth,  
An outcast from her place of birth,  
Unworthy deemed in prayer to kneel,  
Alone did pity for her feel  
And with her wept—their mingled tears  
Were treasured in the spirit-spheres.  
That friend has gone, again alone  
She strove to move those hearts of stone ;  
But, as she passed, unpitying eyes,  
Or cruel taunts returned her sighs ;  
All wearied, worn, and desolate,  
She sad bewailed her wretched fate,  
For fast the storm was gathering 'round ;  
The whirling snow now hid the ground ;  
The shades of night began to fall,  
To shroud the earth as with a pall,  
And soon throughout that noisy street  
Was hushed the tramp of hurried feet ;  
Silence was settling fast around,  
Or broken only by the sound  
Of winds, that fall upon the ear  
In wild and gloomy notes of fear ;  
Now whirling 'round some ruin gray,

Now darting 'cross her toilsome way ;  
Anon, with fearful, moaning sound,  
Driving the drifted snow around  
Till all the demons of the air,  
It seemed, were holding revel there.  
She feels her strength is failing fast,  
Her limbs are stiff'ning with the blast ;  
Soon she must yield her to the storm,  
Death soon will claim that stricken form  
Unless she gains a place of rest ;  
And hope almost forsakes her breast,  
For none to hear her story wait,  
But quick against her close the gate ;  
She lingers, wavers, all is lost !  
The chilling winds, the biting frost,  
With her their work have almost done ;  
Death has its victim nearly won.  
But while she sinks, a light appears,  
And hope restored dispels her fears ;  
One effort more, and should they cast  
Her from that door, 'twill be the last ;  
One effort more, that anguished breast  
Beneath yon roof will find a rest,  
Or yield its agonizing breath  
On yon chill drift—her bed of death !  
She still to hope despairing clings ;  
With sinking, trembling heart she rings  
And longs, yet dreads the answering voice

That bids her fainting heart rejoice,  
Or dooms it to that spotless bed—  
No shelter for her dying head.  
They ope the door, and on her sight  
Bursts forth a dazzling flood of light ;  
Within, a pampered menial stands,  
To him she lifts her feeble hands,  
“ Oh ! pity, for a wretched maid,”  
With trembling, hopeless voice she prayed ;  
“ Oh ! save me from the bitter storm !  
Doom not to death this guilty form !  
Though faint and worn, I ask not bread,  
But shelter for this weary head ;  
I dare not, can not, will not die !”  
With heart of stone and scornful eye  
He listens to her wailing prayers,  
Then at her tattered garment stares ;  
Fast bars the door against her form,  
Unsheltered leaves her to the storm !  
While with a hard, unfeeling heart  
That servant plays his ordered part,  
We'll leave awhile this scene of gloom  
And turn our eyes within that room,  
Where gems of art from every land  
Are lavished with unsparing hand ;  
Soon from the mirrored, pictured walls  
The o'ertasked eye exhausted falls,  
Yet falls in vain, and only meets

With carpets rich and 'broidered seats ;  
Or turning from the splendor there,  
It rests on riches still more rare :  
For precious pearl and priceless gem,  
That well would grace a diadem,  
With thousand rays reflect the light  
And turn to day the dreary night ;  
While treasures, all that gold can buy,  
Around in rich profusion lie ;  
What place is better fit to please  
And pamper to luxurious ease ?  
These treasures speak of wealth untold,  
And teach us of the power of gold.  
But from this wealth with wearied sight  
We turn, to where, beneath yon light,  
With silent tongue and listening ear  
A little group are drawing near,  
While from that book the father read  
Of One who, uncomplaining, bled ;  
Of One whose breast with pity burned  
At sight of woe—who never turned  
From lowest wretch who sought his aid ;  
The vilest soul that to him prayed  
Ne'er prayed in vain—unkindly word  
Was never from his bosom heard.  
E'en while the blessed word he reads,  
That wretched maid for shelter pleads ;  
And rising 'bove the moaning air,



He hears her last imploring prayer ;  
He hears her trembling, wayworn feet  
Descend to the deserted street,  
Then reads again that holy word,  
As though her prayer he ne'er had heard.  
Oh ! 'tis a bitter, burning shame,  
That title to a Christian name  
Such heartless, soulless man can claim.  
What right has he that name to use,  
Who food and shelter would refuse  
To guiltiest wretch that e'er saw light,  
And turn him forth such dismal night  
To sink and perish by the way ?  
Methinks, that when he bows to pray,  
Such thoughts within his guilty breast  
A firm, unyielding weight should rest,  
And drive him from the mocking task—  
For, sure, 'tis mockery to ask  
Relief from him who saw that deed.  
He, in that maiden's sorest need,  
Unmoved had heard her vainly plead  
For refuge from the driving snow,  
Nor softened at her tale of woe,  
But heard her from his mansion driven ;  
Then how could he in prayer to Heaven  
For blessings on his efforts ask ?  
It must indeed be hopeless task.  
If shame could find the smallest part

Within that worse than heathen heart,  
The bended knee and voice of prayer  
Would be forever banished there ;  
Or his unfeeling soul would learn  
Imploring grief to never spurn.

But why, my Spirit-harp, dost here delay ?  
Why longer ponder on such mournful theme ?  
Why ling'ring dwell on weak and sinful clay ?  
Quick, quick transport us where the joyous stream  
Of love, eternal love, forever flows ;  
And as we on its sparkling waters gaze,  
Forgetting all of earthly grief and woes,  
We'll tune our gladsome notes to words of praise.

Leave, leave the sick'ning, soul-debasing sight  
Of minds—immortal minds—enslaved by gold ;  
Away from these sad scenes ; speed, speed thy flight,  
And ne'er again thy soaring pinions fold,  
Until lost, vanished, swallowed up in space,  
The groveling, selfish world shall disappear,  
And only in our memory hold its place,  
As object meet for sympathizing tear.

But ere ye leave these scenes of shame and woe,  
Turn, for one moment, where yon hapless girl  
Gasps her last breath, while chilling night-winds blow,  
And eddying snow-flakes wildly 'round her whirl ;

An outcast from her home—no weeping friend  
To wipe the chilling death-damps from her brow :  
Must her poor houseless life thus wretched end ?  
Sure if she ever needed friends, 'tis now.

Why did I think no loving friends were near  
To watch with anxious heart her passing breath—  
To calm her mind, and soothe each growing fear,  
And guard her safely through the shades of death ?  
Though 'tis not clearly seen to her veiled eyes,  
Hovering appears a bright, angelic form  
Above her head, and now, methinks, arise  
Sweet notes of joy 'mid pauses of the storm.

Delay thy upward flight, till thou canst tell  
If yon bright form that seems to hover near,  
Is but imagination's airy spell,  
Or guardian angel from the spirit-sphere  
That, hovering, waits her weary soul to greet  
And welcome give to that immortal shore ;  
Through wisdom's paths to guide her wayward feet,  
From sin and sorrow freed forevermore.

With that exhausted, struggling spirit stay  
'Till helpless, lifeless, stiff'ning in the cold,  
Its worthless, soul-forsaken form shall lay,  
Then quick thy ready pinions wide unfold ;

And in its upward, angel-guided track,  
Direct thy course the shining way along ;  
Let nothing intervene thy speed to slack  
Till bursts upon our ears the rapturous song.

Till soul-exalting strain the seraph sings,  
When into spirit-life a soul has passed,  
My ear retains, and on thy willing strings  
Swell's forth the notes above the wailing blast,  
That ever upward from the earth ascend  
To tell of weary, suffering souls oppressed ;  
Till with those notes of woe the strain shall blend,  
And then, thy duty ended, sink to rest.

On these proud steps the maiden stands  
And hopeless wrings her ice-cold hands,  
Then wildly tears her flowing hair,  
And yields her soul to dark despair ;  
For fierce the night-winds 'round her blow  
And fiercer drives the drifting snow.  
Oh ! it is hard for her to die,  
No friend to close her glazing eye—  
Her bed of death the cold, cold street,  
The spotless snow her winding-sheet.  
'Tis hard to die with help so near :  
If she was in some desert drear,  
Far, far from any human form,  
Without a struggle, to the storm

She'd yield her unresisting breath,  
And calmly smile at coming death ;  
For then she'd know that death was sure,  
And better could the thought endure  
To die within that desert wild,  
Than where uncounted wealth was piled ;  
Where food to strengthen, fire to warm,  
And shelter from the ruthless storm  
Were ready to her eager hand—  
Or would be but for stern command  
Of one who Christian birthright claimed,  
Nor of such heartless order shamed.  
She gains the street, benumbed with cold,  
'Round her chilled limbs she strives to fold  
The remnants of that garment old ;  
But winds that 'round their victim play,  
Quick tear the sheltering folds away—  
As fearful that her drooping form  
These fluttering rags to life would warm.  
In this the cold, unpitying winds,  
But pattern takes from Christian minds ;  
The Christian soul refuses fire  
To her chilled frame ; the winds aspire  
In holy deeds with him to vie !  
And lest the garments worn, that lie  
In tattered folds across her breast,  
Should give her heart one moment's rest,  
The wretched fragments quick they tear—

Expose her to the biting air,  
Rejoicing as they onward speed,  
That they have done a Christian deed.  
Thus was she scorned! the very snow  
Across her paths in drifts would blow,  
As if in eager haste to throw  
It's mite to fill her cup with woe,  
Until to her weak, wandering mind,  
It seemed that earth and heaven combined  
Against her soul; the driving sleet,  
The wailing winds that whirling meet,  
And shriek like demons in her ear  
Their wild, unearthly notes of fear.  
The drooping clouds above her head,  
As wide their pall-like folds they spread,  
To that poor guilty, dying maid,  
In fierce, opposing ranks arrayed,  
Seem as if, barring farther way,  
To bid her there unsheltered stay.  
What use for her to further try  
For aid, when 'gainst her earth and sky  
Their might opposing, bring to bear?  
While forms with souls strive hard to share  
With them the glory of the deed,  
And in her hour of mortal need,  
To show their horror deep of *sin*,  
Refuse to take the wanderer in.  
Why longer urge the wearied pace

When all against her turn the face—  
Who, who will listen to her cry,  
When *Christians* turn her forth to die ?  
If those who pray, heed not her prayers,  
Where shall she tell her griefs and cares ?  
Useless the thought, with want and cold  
The maid must die—her garments' fold  
Her shivering frame she draws around,  
And sinks exhausted to the ground.  
Then, as her dying form it passed,  
Shrieked with delight the moaning blast ;  
While cold, bleak walls that rose around,  
Quick caught the fearful, wailing sound,  
And to her trembling, startled ear  
Returned the dismal notes of fear ;  
Till swiftly whirling through the street,  
That shriek, the mocking winds repeat ;  
Then with unpitying, savage whirl,  
Linger a moment by the girl,  
As if to gloat upon the sight,  
Then onward speeds its maddened flight ;  
'Tells forth the tale with wild delight  
Upon the listening ear of night,  
Until a vague, a nameless dread—  
Such as, when gazing on the dead,  
We've often felt—cold, chilling creeps  
Over the soul, who, while he sleeps,  
For wealth is toiling evermore,

And dreams but of the yellow ore,  
Until with sudden, fearful start,  
With trembling limbs and beating heart,  
He wakes, and hears with blanched cheek  
The winds repeat that mournful shriek ;  
Then tossing through the dreary night,  
Impatient prays for morning light.  
The watcher by the dying bed  
Hears that wild shriek, with fear and dread,  
Then listens to the gasping breath,  
Watches the slow approach of death,  
And prays that, when he leaves the form,  
It may not be in such a storm.  
On sped the wind, and shrieked the tale  
Till it re-echoed through the vale  
Where once she dwelt ; then circling back,  
Again it swept the city's track ;  
Again, like beast of prey, it played  
With joy around the victim maid,  
Until new strains of woe it caught,  
Then with exulting clamor sought  
Once more the miser's couch of sleep ;  
And where loved friends their vigils keep  
Around the bed of death, that wail  
Was heard again, and hill and dale  
Sent moaning back the dreary sound  
On its unceasing, changeless round.  
“ And must I perish in this storm ?



Oh, God ! must this grief-stricken form  
In such wild tempest breathe its last ?  
Here, where these frost-chilled limbs are cast,  
Must I resign my anguished breath—  
Yield to the cold embrace of death ?  
It must be so ! e'en now I feel  
The blood through its cold channels steal  
With sluggish step, then back retreat  
To where the heart, with wavering beat,  
Seems as if fearing to repeat  
The weary task, yet struggles still  
The cold, unfriendly veins to fill ;  
But each faint beat is growing less,  
And adds but to my deep distress ;  
Each quivering pulse, each labored breath,  
Speaks dread approach of greedy death ;  
Of death ? oh, no ! I can not die !  
But give me strength, oh, God ! to try  
Once more for aid ; one feeble cry ;  
Some pity sure must lingering dwell  
In human breasts !—that cry will tell  
Of anguish, grief, and suffering, more  
Than words can speak ; some friendly door  
Will surely ope—they will not turn ;  
A dying wretch they can not spurn !”  
With one wild throb that quivering heart  
Drives the chilled blood to every part  
Of that exhausted frame ; revived,

She thinks that succor has arrived,  
Then with one fierce, convulsive bound  
She gains her feet and gazes round ;  
'Tis all in vain ! her hope-cheered eye  
But cold, gray walls and gloomy sky  
Despairing sees, with, rising high,  
Snow drifting 'round ; 'twere vain to try,  
And would require unearthly feat  
Of strength, to walk that snow-piled street ;  
And should she raise her feeble voice  
The winds, that at her woes rejoice,  
Would louder laugh and shriek around—  
With their loud yells her voice be drowned ;  
But the warm blood is driving back,  
The throbbing pulse begins to slack,  
She knows that she is sinking fast ;  
That soon will every hope be past ;  
Retains the breath that's gasping slow,  
Waits till the winds are sobbing low,  
With one last effort shrieks her woe,  
And, breathless, sinks upon the snow !  
That shriek the heartless Christian hears ;  
It breaks upon his startled ears,  
And to his coward soul appears—  
Curdling his blood with guilty fears—  
As though the master fiend of hell  
Had conjured, by some fearful spell,  
Up from its gloomy depths the yell.

Trembling he stands, and ghastly pale  
Lists to the fast-increasing gale,  
And dreads lest he again should hear  
That shriek of more than mortal fear.  
Again he reads the precious word,  
But in his ear a voice is heard—  
“Ye took her not, a stranger, in;  
Drove from your door a child of sin,  
Hungry and wayworn, at your feet  
She prayed for help; ye gave no meat  
Nor clothing to that form of woe,  
Nor aught to guard her from the snow;  
Naked and hungry from your gate  
Ye cast her forth to fearful fate.”  
He closed the book, a flush of shame  
Mantled his brow like scorching flame;  
The words that sounded in his ear,  
It seemed to him that all might hear;  
But happy, smiling faces 'round,  
Tell him that none have heard the sound,  
For when he ope'd the holy book  
They did not mark his startled look;  
They'd never learned 'twas wrong to spurn  
And from the door a stranger turn;  
They knew not that the sudden rush  
That tinged his cheek with crimson blush,  
Was momentary rule of shame—  
Which oft its heritage will claim.

But while the follower *profess'd*  
Of the meek, gentle, God-like breast,  
(That ever sighed at sight of grief,  
Whose every thought was of relief  
For man o'erburdened and distressed),  
With guilty heart retires to rest,  
We'll turn again from riches rare  
To where the cold, death-chilling air,  
With the slow beating heart has strife  
Against, and for, that wretched life.  
Oh ! when that last wild shriek she gave,  
'Twould better been if death's cold wave  
The last faint spark of life had chilled—  
The fluttering pulse forever stilled ;  
But still she lingers on ; the heart  
Urges at each convulsive start  
The thickening blood, till the chill frost  
It meets, and then, its impulse lost,  
It turns, as if reluctant, back,  
Yet leaves upon its sluggish track  
A part congealed in every vein,  
A freshened sting, a deeper pain.  
Not like consumption's flattering dart,  
That pierces the scarce conscious heart,  
Its victim clothes with health's gay bloom,  
E'en while it drags him to the tomb—  
Until 'tis difficult to tell  
The moment when he bids farewell

To earthly scenes. Oh ! death like this,  
To her poor soul indeed were bliss ;  
But houseless, friendless, and alone,  
Each gurgling gasp, each dying groan,  
'Tis agony to hear ; and tell  
Me, can there be a deeper hell  
Than dwells within that Christian form,  
Who turned her, dying, to the storm ?  
But sure kind friends are near her now,  
Or that wan cheek and pallid brow  
Would not have changed their look of gloom  
For smiles, as bright as when health's bloom  
Mantled her cheek with crimson glow,  
Then left it pure as spotless snow ;  
Or as, when her own mountain air  
Kissed her soft cheek with tender care,  
And checked, whene'er it crossed her path,  
Each roughened note, each wail of wrath  
Sunk to the gentle, murmuring breeze,  
And softly to the waving trees  
Whispered her praise, then onward sped,  
Mourning her absence while it fled,  
Rebellious that it could not stay,  
And with her flowing ringlets play.  
Her face, as then, is wreathed in smiles ;  
What glorious sight the way beguiles  
And cheers her through each gasping breath,  
Lights up the gloomy vale of death ?

Sees that departing, weary soul—  
Through threatening clouds that 'round her roll—  
Faint glimpses of the angel band ;  
The cheering smile, extended hand  
Of cherub and of seraph bright,  
Who wait on yon vast plain of light,  
To welcome her from dreary night ?  
Sure such glad vision greets her sight ;  
For what could ease her dying throes,  
Make her forget all earthly woes,  
But glimpse of that immortal shore  
Where she could wander evermore ?  
No taunts to greet her shrinking ear ;  
No danger, want, and death to fear ;  
Where words of love instead of scorn  
Would welcome her, the spirit-born.  
Yes, she was happy, and the gale  
Might louder shriek and wilder wail ;  
Its dirge-like tones she minded not,  
Her dying pains were all forgot  
In gazing on that heavenly scene ;  
And were that snow a mossy green,  
That winter night a summer day,  
And she a thoughtless child at play,  
She would not feel more free from care,  
A calmer smile she could not wear.  
For she—the guilty and disgraced,  
Her name from virtue's page erased,

No shelter from the stinging cold,  
With scarce a rag to round her fold—  
Is happier far than he, who sold  
His right to Christian name for gold.  
For though reclining in a room  
Whose tints would vie with roses' bloom,  
Where soothing fragrance filled the air,  
And all seems formed to banish care,  
There is within his guilty breast  
A worm that will not let him rest !  
E'en while the spirit that he spurned,  
And helpless from his mansion turned,  
Gazes with rapture on the sight  
Of countless hosts of spirits bright,  
Who throng around to comfort, cheer,  
And guide her to their own glad sphere,  
He writhes beneath the venom'd stings  
A guilty conscience ever brings.  
The dreary walls, the driving snow,  
The angry winds that wrathful blow  
And rave, because they can not hear  
Again from her that shriek of fear,  
Nor see, nor hear the dying girl—  
Far, far above the tempest's whirl,  
Her thoughts are mingling with the throng  
Who sing for her the welcome song  
That ever greets the fainting soul,  
While death's dark billows round it roll ;

Commences ere it leaves the clay,  
Nor ending, till in glorious day  
It wakes, and joins the heavenly strain  
Which mortal tongues would try in vain.  
She glances o'er the gloomy wave,  
Nor heeds between the cold, damp grave,  
Which, yawning, waits till hungry death—  
Its friend and brother—stills her breath ;  
Plays its dread part in nature's laws,  
And yields her to its greedy jaws.  
Why should she mind that worn-out frame ?  
It ne'er has brought but grief and shame ;  
Then let it moulder in decay,  
To crawling death-worms fall a prey,  
While her freed spirit soars away  
To bask in beams of endless day.  
But, hark ! new strains of music rise,  
More dazzling beauties greet her eyes,  
She pants, she struggles to embrace  
Those spirit-forms ; each friendly face  
Of that bright band is drawing near,  
Each note of angel-song to hear ;  
Her spirit strove, and in the strife  
She passed through death to endless life ;  
Beneath the snow, a form of woe  
Lies stiffening in the cold ;  
But free from care, a spirit fair  
Does seraph arms unfold.



As from a dream she woke, amazed !  
Around with startled wonder gazed,  
Enraptured at the glorious sight ;  
Then sunk o'erpowered by the light,  
And feared again to raise her head  
Lest she should find the vision fled ;  
Until at once there rose around  
Such a wild burst of heavenly sound  
From angel harps, a moment stilled,  
That her faint heart with rapture filled,  
And whispered her that death was o'er,  
'That she had gained the blissful shore.  
Then louder rose the joyful song,  
And heavenly breezes bore along  
The cheering, ever-welcome sound  
To angel ears, " 'The lost is found ;"  
'Till distant harps caught up the strain,  
And o'er the vast, ethereal plain  
Was heard the sweet, harmonious notes,  
Sounding from countless seraph throats.  
Oh ! what a change to that poor heart  
Was brought by death's long dreaded dart.  
A moment since, her mournful wail  
Was mingling with the howling gale ;  
And now she's joining the glad songs  
Sung by the happy seraph throngs ;  
'Treated a moment since with scorn,  
Now angel-hailed as spirit-born ;

Chilled by the sleet and driving snow,  
Now fanned by gentle winds, that blow  
With murmuring sound from heavenly bowers,  
Laden with sweet perfume of flowers  
(Flowers ne'er watered by earth's tears)  
'That only bloom in spirit spheres.  
"Oh! joy!" she cried; "it is no dream;  
I've gained the rest, I've crossed the stream,  
And left behind my grief and shame  
With that decaying, worthless frame.  
On earth for rest I vainly tried;  
Each prayer for help was there denied;  
Each bitter tear, each feeble cry,  
Imploring look and heartfelt sigh,  
But gained for me a harsh reply,  
And scornful look from every eye;  
But kindly words now greet my ear,  
No longer falls the scalding tear,  
Unless for very joy it flows  
While musing on my banished woes.  
Here, my glad soul no more oppressed—  
No more by earthly want distressed,  
Shall ever mingle with the blest,  
And share with them the glorious rest—  
'The rest that mortals seek in vain,  
And struggle for through years of pain."  
Reluctant, for a moment's space  
We turn from that bright, beaming face,

To where is left the mouldering shell  
That, to the gaping crowd, will tell  
By morning light of fearful death,  
Of limbs convulsed and gasping breath ;  
And some, perchance, will cry, " Oh, shame !"   
Nor take unto their hearts the blame ;  
Although they passed the wanderer by,  
And left her, shelterless, to die.  
And some will pity her sad fate—  
Alas ! their pity is too late ;  
But why alas ? if they had turned  
And sheltered her, instead of spurned,  
That bleak, that dreary winter's morn  
Would not have found her spirit-born ;  
Companion of bright seraph bands,  
Guarded and soothed by angel hands ;  
But turned again upon the street,  
Her piteous story to repeat.  
Again to meet insulting sneers,  
The cruel taunts, the heartless jeers  
Of men, who souls immortal claim,  
Yet act like fiends in human frame ;  
For had a transient pity burned  
Within their hearts for her, the spurned  
Of all (and something in their breast,  
Had bid them not refuse her rest  
And shelter through the stormy night),  
At the first dawn of morning light

They would have deemed their duty done,  
And ere the warm, reviving sun  
Through scattered clouds had beamed again  
Over the snow-clad hill and plain,  
They would have turned her forth to roam  
Again, without a friend or home.  
But 'tis not her we pity now—  
Her weary heart and throbbing brow  
Have found a rest from toil and shame,  
Nor longer aid and pity claim  
From human hearts ; but woe betide  
The souls who spurned her in their pride ;  
They have a murderer's title gained ;  
Their guilty hearts with blood are stained,  
As deep as though a crimson tide  
Was flowing from her wounded side,  
And their own hands the bloody knife  
Guided, that robbed her of her life.  
But all is o'er ; no friendly tear  
Was shed upon the pauper's bier ;  
No prayer above her corpse was said ;  
No word from Holy Writ was read,  
But hirelings, with a careless tread,  
Conveyed her to that narrow bed,  
And brutal laugh and jest went round  
With those who placed her 'neath the ground,  
Till e'en the cold, unfeeling earth  
Seemed angry at their ill-timed mirth,

And with a sound so dismal, fell  
Above her head, that fear's dark spell  
Through their seared hearts such horror thrilled,  
That quick the dreary grave they filled,  
And hurried from the gloomy place,  
With silent tongue and trembling pace ;  
Nor dared again to glance around,  
For in their ears that fearful sound  
Was ringing still—the guilty heart,  
Thus ever plays a coward's part.  
There she was left, the only trace  
That told to mortal eyes the place,  
Was earth disturbed, and sullied snow,  
Which the fierce winds, with envious blow—  
As if to hide it from the sight—  
Quick covered with a robe of white.  
Her grave 'neath that pure robe was lost,  
Nor found again till winter's frost  
And chilling snow had left the ground,  
When with sweet flowers blooming round,  
A blasted, dreary spot was seen,  
Like island 'mid the ocean green ;  
A sunken place across the way,  
That only told of dread decay :  
No monument above her head,  
To tell the virtues of the dead ;  
But all who pass her story read  
In the dark grass and noxious weed,

That ever, with a flowing wave  
Are sighing o'er that sunken grave.  
And what, than this, could better tell  
Of one who erst from virtue fell?  
What could more plainly to us speak  
Of blasted heart, all drear and bleak  
Amid the smiling world around,  
Than straggling weed and barren ground,  
Encircled by a sea of flowers,  
That Spring's warm sun and genial showers  
Had waked to life and fragrant bloom—  
Except upon the victim's tomb.  
But she's not there—that loathsome frame  
From her no sympathy can claim.  
Reclaims the stalk the mouldering shell  
That lies decaying where it fell,  
A shapeless form beneath the earth?  
Or springs it up to nobler birth?  
Until the growing head is seen  
Surrounded by the waving green,  
That screens it from the chilling rain,  
Till all the wide extended plain  
In purest golden tinting glows,  
And to the anxious farmer shows  
His care and trouble well repaid;  
Thus was it with the outcast maid,—  
She'd left the covering to decay,  
And, in those realms of endless day,

Was pressing on new joys to gain ;  
Was ripening like that head of grain.  
What though false bigotry and pride,  
Almost a Christian grave denied  
To that pale, drooping, lifeless head,  
And hurled upon the helpless dead  
Curses so dark, that they would seem  
The offspring of some hideous dream,  
So fiendish, that the words to hear  
Would shock the lowest, vilest ear ?  
What though they doomed her to a hell,  
Whose fearful agony to tell  
The firmest, strongest brain would craze,  
And e'en the fiends they paint, would gaze  
And wonder where the human mind  
Such worse than fiendish thoughts could find ?  
Her soaring spirit heeds them not,  
But seeks some quiet, silent grot,  
And muses on the Father's love,  
That bore her hopeless soul above  
The dreary confines of the earth,  
Where sorrow, want, and pain have birth,  
To the freed spirit's joyful home ;  
Where, learning ever, she might roam ;  
On ripening beauties ever gaze,  
And, gazing, find new cause for praise ;  
A vast eternity to spend,  
In works of love that never end.

Eternity ! oh, what a theme ;  
When dawns the first faint, flickering beam  
Of reason on the human soul,  
It, struggling, fain would grasp the whole ;  
And when, as with an eager flight  
The height is gained, with anxious sight  
It finds that knowledge just begun,  
And up toward the glowing sun  
Of truth, eternal truth, appears  
New fields of wisdom, trembling fears  
Again to soar, and lingers, till  
Impelled, almost against its will,  
It flies those regions to explore,  
Till it has gained of knowledge more  
Than it had ever looked to find,  
Except in Omnipresent mind.  
But still eternity 's before,  
And that one word alone is more  
Than mind immortal comprehends,  
Though on the thought it ages spends.  
And that eternity she's found ;  
Bright seraphs countless throng around,  
And in their sinless arms embrace  
That soul, from whom the Christian's face  
With horror turned, as if the sight  
His holy heart with sin would blight.  
Though vice and misery hailed her birth,  
And though her few brief years on earth



Were filled with agony and shame,  
Her heritage a blasted name—  
Though earth had yielded to her part  
But blighted form and broken heart,  
They'd gathered round her dying form ;  
They'd watched her through the fearful storm ;  
Had cheered her faint, expiring sight  
With glimpses of the glorious light  
That, when her dying pangs were o'er,  
Would greet her on the happy shore.  
And when she left that suffering clay,  
They bore her spirit freed away  
To where earth's wants no more distress,  
Where tyrant minds no more oppress ;  
But where the soaring mind aspires  
To wisdom's fount, and never tires  
Of draughts that there unceasing spring,  
With love's own gentle murmuring.  
And there we leave this earth-freed mind ;  
With naught the soaring thoughts to bind,  
She'll wander through those blooming bowers  
Surrounded by reviving showers  
Of heavenly wisdom, till the heart,  
Like budding flowers, in every part  
Unfolds and opens to the gaze  
More beauteous truths ; and brighter rays  
Will beam upon her raptured soul,  
While love's glad billows ever roll,

And round the joyous maiden play,  
To drive each saddening thought away.  
But while her soul with love o'erflows,  
As up the shining steep she goes,  
The man that turned her from his door  
Still hugs unto his breast the ore  
He's coined from widows', orphans' tears,  
Which, as his dying moment nears,  
He wills to charity ; and fame,  
Upon her temple, finds his name  
Engraved in characters of gold.  
But naught avails the mighty deed  
While hearts oppressed around him bleed :  
The world may almost deify,  
And fools applaud him to the sky,  
But still the low, despairing cry,  
The stifled sob, the feeble sigh,  
Like lead will weigh his troubled soul ;  
And when death's billows darkly roll  
Around, and sweep him from the place,  
Within the boundless realms of space  
He'll wake, to find his spirit weighed  
And wanting found, until, for aid  
He'll gladly ask the soul he spurned,  
And proudly from his mansion turned.

But now thy task is ended, sink to rest ;  
Repose awhile each quivering, trembling string

Until new fire is kindled in my breast,  
And then again each glowing note shall ring  
In harmony with inner thoughts, that spring  
Unbidden from the ever gushing well,  
From which we drink and mount on angel's wing,  
Far, far above what earthly tongue can tell.

And though, amid the songs of joy that rise  
To mingle with the song of seraph bands,  
Are often heard ascending to the skies  
Sad notes of grief from rudimental lands,  
Thy notes, continued, tell that angel hands  
With chords of love those wailing notes will blend,  
Till songs of praise the spirit freed demands,  
And joins the happy strains that never end.

## The Reunion.

BENEATH an oak tree's ancient shade,  
Two guileless children laughing played,  
    Shouting in youthful glee ;  
As loud their joyful clamor rose,  
Who grief and mis'ry, want and woes,  
    Could in their future see ?  
One was a boy, of noble form,  
Who seemed as master of the storm,  
    So young, and yet so bold ;  
And one a girl, so dazzling fair,  
She seemed a nymph of upper air,  
As down her back her golden hair  
    In glossy ringlets rolled.

Long years have past since, filled with glee,  
Those children skipp'd beneath that tree,  
    And there again they stand ;  
Not now, as then, with careless smile,  
For one must leave that happy Isle,  
For fame and fortune seek awhile  
    In some far distant land.

He strove in vain to calm her fears—  
He would return in two short years,  
    And never more would roam ;  
Return with riches, honor, fame,  
Return her waiting hand to claim  
    In this his treasured home.  
Truth sits upon his noble brow,  
Then how can she distrust him now  
    In this, their parting hour ?  
She does not ! yet the threatening cloud  
That's gathering 'round her, like a cloud,  
    Portends a gloomy shower.

Though young, she yet hath sorrow seen,  
And thus with her it's ever been  
    When some deep grief was near ;  
And now her first, her only love,  
Was bound in foreign climes to rove ;  
Dost wonder that she vainly strove  
    To check the falling tear ?  
Time flies—he must away—farewell !  
Like gloomy sound of convent bell,  
Tolling a passing spirit's knell,  
    That parting word appears !  
And why ? he'll sure return again—  
Then why that heavy, dreary pain ?  
    Why all those boding fears ?  
That gath'ring cloud above her hung

And would not pass away,  
That dread unto her spirit clung,  
Its sable mantle 'round her flung  
For many a weary day.

Glad news soon came her mind to free—  
He'd landed safe beyond the sea ;

Farewell to all her fears—  
Ah, no ! though all seemed clear and bright  
To others, yet to her no light

Through that dark cloud appears ;  
A letter, and another, came,  
Bringing her news of wealth and fame  
For him on distant shore—

Still to herself she'd ever say,  
Through sleepless night and weary day,  
“ I ne'er shall see him more ! ”

His letters breathed but hope and love ;  
He said for her alone he strove,

Without her all was gloom ;  
Yet ever, as these words she read,  
They seemed as coming from the dead—  
As echoes from the tomb.

Two years have nearly passed, and now  
He speaks of his return ;  
That sadness still is on her brow,  
And why—she's yet to learn ;

She knows his love for her is pure,  
And will throughout all time endure,

Then why that failing heart ?

Now that the wished-for day is near,  
When he'll return her way to cheer,  
Why does that heavy cloud of fear  
Still threaten them to part ?

But now that youth, so true, so brave,  
Is dashing o'er the sparkling wave ;  
Loaded with honor, wealth, and fame,  
His love for her is still the same  
As when the pale moon heard their vows,  
Beneath that oak's wide-spreading boughs ;  
He's traveled many a land I ween,  
And many a form of beauty seen,  
But none that could with her compare—  
No beauty that was half so rare.

Now, musing to himself, he'd say,

While gazing on the sea,

“Why should that spirit, once so gay,  
So changed, so saddened be ?

Her letters all are tinged with gloom,  
As if some dark, some dreadful doom,  
Some fearful phantom of the tomb

Was ever by her side ;

But soon we'll meet, no more to part,  
Then with that faithful, trusting heart,

Adown life's stream I'll glide."

Ay! soon they'll meet to part no more—  
But not on Albion's friendly shore.

Above the deep, the foaming tides

Yon gallant ship so nobly rides,

Oh! who could danger fear?

They've crossed the ocean almost o'er,

And soon old England's rock-bound shore

Their anxious sight will cheer;

Once more they'll tread familiar lands—

And now they dream that loving hands

Are greeting them at last;

Alas! their dreams are all in vain,

They ne'er will see those friends again

Till death's dark stream they've passed!

All free from care, he's sleeping now;

The smile of hope is on his brow;

He hears not the low, mournful wail

Of winds, that speak the rising gale—

The white-capp'd waves, the lightning's flash,

The sea-bird's cry, the thunder's crash,

He does not see nor hear.

But many in that noble ship

Are starting up with quiv'ring lip,

And cheeks all blanched with fear—

Oh! 'twas a sad, a mournful sight,

Through all the dark, the fearful night,



Upon that wave-washed deck ;  
Who shall describe the dreadful shock,  
As, high upon that hidden rock,  
    She drove a helpless wreck ?  
Loud cries for help and woman's wail  
Were heard above the rising gale,  
    By those upon the beach ;  
But all in vain the wish to save—  
No boat could live upon the wave,  
    That vessel's side to reach.

These cries for help are growing less,  
But still that signal of distress  
    Sounds high above the storm,  
And tells, though breakers 'round them dash,  
That shattered bark delays the crash,  
    And hearts with hope beat warm ;  
They hope in vain, for never more  
They'll stand upon old England's shore,  
    And wander through each vale ;  
Long, long will loved ones for them mourn,  
And watch in vain for their return—  
    Their cheeks with sorrow pale !

But, hark ! what means that dreadful shriek  
    Which rises 'bove the gale ?  
Could that dread rock, those breakers speak,  
    They'd tell a mournful tale—

How with one wild, one sudden dash,  
One parting groan, one fearful crash,  
    That stranded ship went down ;  
How words of hope and trusting prayer,  
Mingled with ravings of despair,  
Rose high upon the wailing air,  
    Amid the tempest's frown :  
That shriek was heard upon the beach,  
    Above the ocean's roar,  
And ghastly forms they could not reach,  
    Came dashing on the shore.

The strength of that fierce gale is past,  
And morning's light is breaking fast  
    Upon the foaming wave,  
Beneath which, all the joyful band  
That gazed upon their native land,  
    Have found a watery grave ;  
Oh, no ! not all have sunk to rest  
Beneath the billow's foaming crest,  
    For one is on the shore ;  
But he is numbered with the dead—  
The light from that dark eye has fled—  
    Yes, fled forevermore !

Was it for this he left his home,  
Through gloomy, savage wilds to roam  
    Far, far from every friend ?

Of all his youthful dreams of fame,  
Of faithful love and honored name,  
    Is this to be the end ?  
Is this pale, lifeless, ghastly form,  
The noble man, whose heart beat warm  
    At near approach to home ?

Oh, no ! he's left that useless clay,  
Through glorious worlds of endless day,  
    Eternally to roam ;  
They gather 'round him on the sand,  
With sorrowing hearts and friendly hand,  
    They close his glazing eye ;  
With mournful steps and words of gloom,  
They bear that stranger to the tomb,  
And wonder why this early doom—  
    Why one so young should die !  
Ah ! could they look beyond this earth,  
And see that glorious angel-birth,  
    They would not question why !

The storm is raging fierce and loud  
    'Round the once happy home,  
Where sits a form in silence bowed,  
    Her brow o'ercast with gloom ;  
Fiercely the lightnings 'round her flash,  
And mingling with the tempest's crash,  
    Do threat'ning thunders roll ;

She heeds them not, though pealing loud,  
For now a heavier, darker cloud  
    Is resting on her soul ;  
Too well she knows that sorrow's near,  
    As darker grows that cloud—  
As deep'ning gloom and hopeless fear,  
    Fast on her spirit crowd ;  
For oft before she's felt such gloom,  
As o'er loved friends some dreadful doom  
    Was gathering to fall ;  
But ne'er before did cloud so bold  
Twine round her heart in fearful fold,  
    So like a gloomy pall.

The morning sun now shining bright,  
Is bathing in a flood of light  
    That quiet, peaceful vale ;  
And but for trees all twisted, torn,  
No trace is left this lovely morn  
    Of the fierce evening gale ;  
But for that sad, that weary heart,  
Morn's cheerful light can have no part,  
    For all is dark despair !  
Her last, faint hope forever fled,  
As burst that cloud above her head ;  
Ah ! better far be with the dead  
    Than all her grief to bear !  
She wandered forth, in listless mood,

Beneath the shade of a deep wood ;  
She heeded not that 'cross her path  
Huge limbs were strewn, as if in wrath,  
    By the fierce tempest's power ;  
The ruin 'round she minded not,  
Until she came unto the spot,  
Where oft in childhood's hour she'd played—  
That sacred place, the oak-tree's shade,  
    Where passed their parting hour ;  
But, ah ! how changed was all—how drear,  
The place so long by her held dear,  
    That heard their youthful vows !  
The winds had spared that noble oak,  
But, shattered by the lightning's stroke,  
    Were its wide-spreading boughs.

Leaning against the blasted oak,  
That stricken form now feebly spoke—  
    Her voice with anguish chill ;  
“ That threat'ning, gloomy cloud has fled,  
But well I know he's with the dead—  
    His noble heart is still ;  
I felt his presence in the storm,  
And, though I could not see his form,  
    I knew 'twas by my side :  
'Tis past—and now, like this brave oak,  
My mind is blasted by the stroke,  
My weary, weary heart is broke,

My hopes all scattered wide ;  
This lonely bower, all stripp'd and bare,  
Is a fit type of the despair  
That's settling on my mind ;  
Yon oak is shatter'd by the storm,  
But still it stands, like this frail form,  
Exposed to each chill wind ;  
Though on it falls reviving rain,  
And shines the summer sun, 'tis vain—  
It ne'er again will bloom ;  
But long a useless trunk will stand,  
Like me, a cumberer of the land,  
Fit only for the tomb."

Thus sadly spake this maiden pale,  
And wandering lonely through the vale,  
She ever for him wept ;  
Friends strove to drive away that gloom ;  
But though she had not heard his doom,  
Full well she knew within the tomb,  
In death's embrace he slept ;  
For often now she felt him near,  
Her weary steps to guide—  
And oft as for him fell the tear,  
He seemed her grief to chide ;  
But still she could not give him up,  
And oft she mourned affliction's cup  
Such brimming draught should bear ;

With mortal eyes she could not see  
The heavenly rest he'd entered, free  
    From every earthly care ;  
She could not see the angel-form  
Which sprung to life in that wild storm ;  
She does not see those spirits bright,  
Who gather round him in the light  
    Of that celestial day ;  
That welcome song she does not hear,  
Too thrilling sweet for mortal ear ;  
Those heavenly notes, that glorious light  
For earthly eyes is far too bright—  
    Too bright for feeble clay ;  
But could she for one moment see  
His noble form from sorrow free,  
    As, roaming through those spheres,  
He turns from viewing beauties rare,  
To guard her steps with tender care,  
    She'd banish all her fears.

Kind friends are gathering round to cheer,  
And, as time flies, they hope to hear  
    Some tidings of that crew ;  
She knew their hopes were all in vain—  
That never they would hear again  
    Too well the maiden knew !  
It was a mournful sight to see  
That youthful heart, once light and free,

Fast sink into the grave ;  
Sad 'twas to see each loving heart,  
That in her sorrows shared a part  
So vainly strive to save—  
As day by day her cheek grew pale,  
And that wan form told the dread tale  
That from them she must go,  
They gazed upon her brow with grief,  
And strove, in vain, to find relief  
From the impending woe.

Often she felt those friends were dear,  
And fain would with them stay ;  
But that loved spirit's ever near  
To beckon her away ;  
He whispers to her weary soul,  
That where those blissful waters roll,  
She'll find eternal rest—  
He bids her look beyond this earth,  
To glorious scenes of spirit-birth,  
Where ever dwell the blest ;  
She knows that he is ever by,  
Though with her feeble, mortal eye,  
She can not see his face ;  
Yet soon she feels that she shall be  
With his blest spirit roaming free,  
Then gazing, as beneath that tree,  
New beauties she will trace.



No wonder, then, devouring death  
    For her had lost its sting ;  
That thoughts of her expiring breath,  
    Should naught but pleasure bring ;  
Nor that she looked with rapturous joy  
    To the bright angel-home,  
Where death could ne'er her hopes destroy—  
    Where sorrow ne'er could come ;  
For she had known scarce else but grief,  
And feeling soon she'd find relief—  
    From all her sorrows part—  
Revived the hope within her breast,  
Not for a fleeting, earthly rest,  
    But with that faithful heart ;  
For earthly rest she knew was vain—  
With every pleasure mingled pain,  
    Its thorny paths she'd tried—  
But with those spirits roaming free,  
She knew earth's sorrows all would flee ;  
How could she else than happy be,  
    When by that loved one's side ?

As faded fast her form away,  
And nearer, nearer drew the day,  
    When with his spirit bright  
She'd meet in yon celestial place,  
They gazed upon her lovely face,  
And in those features plainly traced

The spirits' beaming light ;  
Then wonder'd why that settled gloom—  
The fearful impress of the tomb,

Which stamped her youthful face—  
To those calm smiles, serene and bright,  
Peaceful as autumn's fading light,

So soon should give its place !  
She's greatly changed—and yet 'tis not  
That she the lost one has forgot—

He's ever in her thought ;  
But that with him she soon will be—  
That soon his noble face she'll see

This happy change has wrought ;  
And should she for one moment feel,  
Death did not o'er her senses steal

With sure though cautious tread,  
Deep grief would rest on that frail form,  
Again would rage the fearful storm

'Round her devoted head.

Her mind is fixed, not on the earth,  
But on those spheres where love has birth ;  
She's through with fleeting, transient toys,  
Fast pressing on to nobler joys—  
Joys to which angel minds aspire—  
Where souls are warmed by wisdom's fire,  
And ever mounting higher, higher,  
By reason's hand are led.

Now autumn winds, with mournful sound  
Are sweeping through the vale,  
And forest leaves are scattered 'round,  
Like chaff before the gale ;  
How sadly changed is Nature's face,  
To those who only there can trace  
The emblems of decay ;  
They see not, in the parent earth,  
Those germs that, patient, wait their birth,  
Till spring's reviving day ;  
But to those minds that farther look,  
That deeper read in Nature's book,  
Those trees so leafless, bare,  
Their garments worn have thrown aside,  
To be replaced by robes of pride,  
Through Nature's kindly care ;  
Thus was it with that lovely form,  
As on her couch she lay ;  
She heeded not the wailing storm—  
Her thoughts were far away ;  
She knows that soon from earth she'll go,  
And leave that feeble form below  
To mingle with the dust ;  
She knows her spirit soon will wear  
A garment free from every care—  
Unwav'ring is her trust ;  
For now her griefs are nearly o'er,  
She's almost reached the blessed shore

Where dwells the loved and lost ;  
Her little bark has faced the gale—  
Soon, soon she'll furl its peaceful sail,  
And wander through that heavenly vale,  
No longer tempest tossed.

Dear friends are gath'ring 'round her now ;  
With bleeding heart and saddened brow  
Each takes a long farewell ;  
As the last, parting word they speak,  
And gaze their last on that wan cheek,  
Their anguish who can tell ?  
For she was dear to every heart,  
And now that with her they must part—  
Must yield her to the tomb—  
They feel that when her voice is stilled  
In death, her place can ne'er be filled,  
No light can cheer the gloom.

Grim death is stealing o'er her fast,  
But on her brow, until the last  
Is hovering that smile ;  
For loving spirits gather near,  
And while they banish every fear,  
The dreary way beguile ;  
But while they wait, those shining bands,  
Her soul to greet with welcome hands,  
She turns to those that weep,

And bids them cast aside their fears,  
For loved ones from the spirit-spheres  
    Their vigils 'round her keep ;  
Then to the form that's bending low  
Above her couch, with looks of woe,  
    She whispers, " Mother, dear !  
My moments now with you are brief—  
But gaze not thus with looks of grief,  
This weary soul will find relief—  
    Then dry those falling tears ;  
Long hast thou seen my inmost heart,  
And known on earth I've had no part—  
    That all was one drear waste ;  
Ah ! could you see these spirits near,  
Their welcome songs could you but hear,  
Soon, soon you'd check the gushing tear,  
    And bid my spirit haste—  
Haste ! haste my grief-worn, weary soul,  
For thou hast nearly reached the goal—  
    No longer here delay !  
Spread thy glad wings and leave the form,  
And in this dark, this lowering storm,  
    My soul no longer stay !  
Hark ! now I hear glad spirit-songs—  
Ah ! could they but their notes prolong  
    To reach thy list'ning ears—  
Could that sweet music fill this room,  
'Twould quick the gath'ring gloom disperse

And wing your thoughts with seraph verse  
    To your celestial spheres—  
Where soon, from this frail body free,  
Away from earthly cares I'll flee,  
    And find a rest at last ;  
Then grieve no more that I must go  
    Where love's eternal waters flow,  
Where love's unfading blossoms grow,  
Where never more can earthly woe  
    Its shadows o'er me cast.  
You're slowly fading from my sight—  
And now a soft, a heavenly light  
    Is stealing through the room ;  
Swallowed, as 'twere, in that bright cloud  
Your forms—but spirits 'round me crowd,  
    Though not with looks of gloom ;  
They come, those loved ones mourned as dead,  
They press around my dying bed,  
    And wait my parting breath—  
Dark clouds no longer dim my sight,  
And 'round me now beams Heaven's own light ;  
    My soul, can this be death ?  
Ah, yes ! I feel I'm almost there !  
A few brief moments more of care  
    And with this earth I've done !  
One struggle with this useless clay  
And my freed soul will soar away,  
    The victory will be won !

Farewell, dear friends! farewell to all,  
I must away! bright spirits call,  
    And gladly I obey;  
Dry, dry those tears—no longer weep,  
For though this spirit now must sleep,  
    'Twill wake to perfect day."

Thus passed this lovely maid away,  
And, while the sun's descending ray  
    Still lingered in the room,  
The flower that graced this earth awhile  
Was taken from its native Isle,  
    In Paradise to bloom.

She wakes—and hark! what heavenly sound  
Is that? why does her heart rebound  
    So light, so free from pain?  
She's still within that dying room—  
Why has it lost its look of gloom?  
    Has health returned again?  
Bright spirit-forms she now can see,  
And asks, "What means this mystery?"  
    They point her to that bed!  
She sees her form in death's cold sleep,  
With loving friends that o'er it weep,  
    And mourn her with the dead;  
She turns unto those spirits now—  
She looks—she sees that noble brow,

That never-absent form ;  
“ I come ! I come ! ” she cried, and sprung  
Unto his side—then ’round him flung  
Her arms, and felt, as there she clung,  
Secure from every storm.

Oh ! who can tell the rapturous joy,  
The love, the bliss without alloy,  
Of her fond, trusting heart ?  
They’ve passed through trouble, toil, and strife,  
And met in realms of endless life,  
Where sorrow has no part.  
“ And have I passed the dreary shade,  
In heavenly garments, bright, arrayed—  
Or do I yet but dream ?  
Is this bright form to which I cling,  
But the weak brain’s imagining—  
Or he it truly seems ? ”  
He speaks, he bids her now rejoice ;  
And as she hears that spirit-voice,  
Her doubts aside are cast ;  
For now she knows her trials o’er,  
Unto that welcome, blissful shore  
Across death’s stream she’s passed.

“ Welcome ! ” that noble spirit cried ;  
“ Welcome once more unto my side



Where thou shalt ever stay !  
'Together will we roam these spheres,  
Through an eternity of years,  
    With naught to bar the way ;  
Long have I watched thy footsteps drear,  
Long strove the dismal way to cheer,  
    But now, that duty o'er,  
Each will assist the upward way,  
And in the light of endless day  
    We'll countless realms explore."

She looks once more upon the clay  
That's now fast hast'ning to decay—  
    They've dressed it for the tomb—  
But little reck the friends that weep,  
And o'er it lonely vigils keep,  
    She's still within the room—  
Ah ! for one moment could that light,  
So pure, so heavenly, pierce their sight,  
    'Twould chase away the gloom !  
Now, turning from that scene of woe,  
She listens to the music low,  
    Which seems advancing near ;  
Higher and higher swells the song,  
As nearer draws that angel throng  
    Till she this lay can hear—

" Sister, come, welcome home—  
Free from grief and care ;

Find a rest with the blest,  
In their pleasures share.

Spirits bright, with delight  
Meet thee on the shore ;  
Welcome hands, from these bands,  
Greet thee evermore.

In these spheres, bitter tears  
Are no longer shed ;  
Earth's dark storm, with yon form,  
Has forever fled.

One that's dear, now is near  
To instruct the way ;  
With him press on to bliss,  
Here no longer stay ;

By his side thou hast tried  
What was earthly joy ;  
But thou'rt free now to see  
Bliss without alloy.

Sister, on ; thou hast won  
Victory at last ;  
Then advance, not a glance  
Backward ever cast."

Many a well-remembered face  
Amid the throng she now can trace,  
    As fast as they gather near ;  
And many from that happy band  
Are pressing on with friendly hand  
    And welcome words of cheer.  
Could those fond hearts, by grief oppressed  
As on her form they gaze their last,  
    But turn their weeping eyes  
Where spirits loved, on that blessed shore  
Are greeting her, oh ! never more  
    Would murmuring doubts arise ;  
But now that lifeless, soulless clay  
Within its narrow tomb they lay,  
    And turn them to their home—  
One long-loved form was missing there,  
And all seemed desolate and bare  
    As light would never come ;  
But she they sadly mourn as dead,  
By that fond, loving spirit led,  
    Now roams the seraph sphere,  
And listens, with enraptured soul,  
To blissful songs that 'round her roll,  
    And greet her gladdened ear ;  
Supported now by friendly hands,  
Guarded by loving angel bands,  
    She mounts the azure skies ;  
She leaves the earth far, far behind,

And swifter than the viewless wind,  
    On seraph pinions flies ;  
Higher and higher still she mounts,  
And deeper drinks from heavenly founts  
    While gazing on those scenes,  
Till rapt and swallowed up in love  
And bliss unspeakable, above  
    Her wildest, fondest dreams ;  
But, while she soars on angel wings,  
And blissful draughts from heavenly springs  
    O'erpower her soul with light,  
She'll ne'er forget the earthly home,  
Where in youth's summer hour she roamed,  
But strive to cheer the deep'ning gloom—  
    Dispel the settled night.  
She hovers 'round the friends she's left,  
Brings comfort to the hearts bereft,  
    And lights the dreary way ;  
She cheers the struggling, fainting mind  
That lingers in despair behind,  
    O'erburdened with the clay.

Thus, when her race on earth was run,  
Her life of usefulness begun,  
    Who would not hail the hour  
When called to leave the weary form—  
To leave earth's cares, its gloomy storm,  
    For heaven's peaceful bower ?

What on this earth was there to bind  
That pure, that heaven-exalted mind,  
    Or check her upward way ?  
She was indeed a child of grief,  
Nor could her spirit find relief  
    Confined within the clay ;  
Until death came, with friendly hand,  
And freed her from the hateful band  
    That held her to the earth  
She little else than sorrow knew,  
But soon her happy spirit flew  
    Where love and joy have birth ;  
Encircling now that heavenly height,  
Upon the blissful, glorious sight  
    Those wond'ring spirits gaze ;  
That youth so brave, that maid so fair,  
Are filling now the fragrant air  
With words of trusting, thankful prayer,  
    And notes of endless praise.

## The Betrayed.

SADLY sighs the wailing breeze  
To the startled, rustling trees ;  
Whispering its mournful tale  
To the wild-flowers of the vale ;  
Sobbing to the rippled stream,  
Till its ever-shifting gleam  
Vanishes, as 'neath a cloud—  
Till the gentle wild-flower, bowed  
To the earth, in silence weeps ;  
While the tender vine that creeps,  
Joining tendrils with the leaves  
Of the forest monarch, grieves  
That the wind such saddened tale  
Truthful whispers through the vale.

Thus the wind its story told—  
Sweeping playful through the wold,  
Sporting now with withered leaf,  
Now with imitative grief—  
Shrieking through the gnarled root,  
At the aged oak-tree's foot ;

Darting now o'er sunny glade,  
Kissing cheek of willing maid,  
Seeking then the merry rill,  
Leaping down the shaded hill,  
Bathing in its darkest pool  
Over-heated breath to cool.

In a gloomy, caverned glen,  
Where man's foot had hardly been,  
Paused I for a moment, where,  
With a look of fixed despair,  
By a limpid spring reclined,  
Wildly talking to the wind,  
Fairest maid of earthly mold;  
Pale her cheek, and deathly cold  
Was each water-dripping hand,  
With which she the pebbled sand,  
From that ever-bubbling spring  
Hastened by her side to bring.  
Then she'd spread each raven lock  
On the mossy cushioned rock,  
Laughing, as each tangled tress  
She entwined with water-cress,  
Dripping from that lonely brook;  
Then with wild, inquiring look  
Down the tangled glen she'd gaze,  
While her feeble voice she'd raise  
To a wild, unearthly strain,

Half of pleasure, half of pain ;  
Now a joyous, happy note  
Issued from her trembling throat,  
Changing to a fiercer sound,  
Waking dismal echoes 'round,  
Sinking to such plaintive trill  
That the merry, whirling rill  
Lingered in a shady nook,  
Wond'ring, till it saw the look  
That despair will ever trace,  
Unmistaken, on her face ;  
Kissing kindly, then, the hand  
Which she buried 'neath its sand,  
Sadly silent on it swept,  
And the maiden's sorrows wept ;  
Wept, while it this changing lay  
Heard upon its bounding way.

“ 'Neath a wild-wood's cooling shade,  
Where our happy vows were made,  
Wander I so cheerily ;  
In the over-arching trees,  
Joining with the whisp'ring breeze,  
Birds are singing merrily ;

Yet he lingers, lingers still,  
While adown the distant hill  
Creep the shadows steadily ;



Once I could not breathe his name,  
But my own, returning, came  
From his lips so readily ;

Downward creeps the cruel shade,  
Stretches o'er the open glade,  
Creeping, oh ! so drearily ;  
Still I, watching, wait to greet,  
Listen for his ling'ring feet,  
Lonely listen wearily.

Still he comes not ; is it so—  
Must I disappointed go,  
Roaming, roaming wearily ?  
Has he then forgot the vow—  
Whispered as it seems but now,  
While the birds sang cheerily ?

Peace, my struggling heart, be still ;  
Peace, each throbbing vein ;  
Wait ; the shadows on the hill  
Bid you wait again :  
Wait ; thy weary watching's done—  
Ended with the sinking sun.

Said he not he'd meet me here,  
Ere the shadows fell ?  
But 'twas in the fading year

When he bid farewell ;  
Weary weeks have passed since then—  
Will he never come again ?

They have cursed me for my shame  
Since we parted last,  
And upon my wretched name  
Shadows have been cast ;  
Even now they dark'ning fall  
O'er my heart like gloomy pall.

Only curses greet my ear  
When I seek my home,  
Look of scorn for pity's tear—  
Friendless thus I roam ;  
Peace, my whirling brain, be still,  
Night is creeping down the hill.

Night is creeping, while I, weeping,  
List his step in vain ;  
Fancies frightful, then delightful,  
Dart across my brain ;  
Oh, my weary, weary head,  
Would 'twas resting with the dead !”

Singing thus, the drooping maid  
Gathered up each dripping braid,

While her tears kept mournful time  
To the crush'd heart's wailing rhyme ;  
Then she changed that song of grief—  
In her hair twined faded wreath,  
Laughed to see the gloomy shade  
Stealing o'er the forest glade ;  
Down the glen gave parting look,  
Whisper'd to the list'ning brook,  
Bidding it a sad good-night,  
Promising, when morning light  
Took its first, its early rest  
On the tiny billow's breast,  
She would haste that light to greet—  
Haste the absent one to meet ;  
Ling'ring then, she left the place,  
And with feeble, trembling pace,  
Refuge from the night-mist chill,  
Rolling down the darkening hill,  
Sought beneath some roof to find—  
Silent, following behind,  
Heard I curses, deep and loud,  
Greet her soul with sorrow bowed ;  
Saw I then the Christian spurn—  
To the night air, helpless, turn  
With reproach her tender frame ;  
Then unto her, softly, came,  
As she faint, despairing stood,  
From the borders of the wood,

Music sweet of dancing wave,  
From a stream whose ripples lave  
Many a drooping forest leaf ;  
First, they seemed like wail of grief,  
Echoes of her own soft cry ;  
Then they floated gently by  
With a soothing, magic strain,  
Whisp'ring to her grief-crazed brain  
That her troubled, aching breast  
Might in their embrace find rest.

Then I saw the sudden start,  
As, within her wretched heart,  
Strongest principle of life  
With that syren song had strife.  
To the first inclining fast  
Was she, when a Christian passed ;  
Scornful scanned her hollow face,  
Then increased his pious pace,  
Sneering words upon his tongue ;  
Then the dark waves louder sung  
That, beneath their sparkling tide,  
From that look of holy pride—  
Giving to her bleeding heart  
Keener pain than venom'd dart—  
She might sleep, nor heartless jeer,  
Mocking laugh, or curses hear ;  
Yielding to that magic spell,

Sought she then the forest dell ;  
Still I followed on the bank,  
Water-flowers and rushes rank  
Bowed their heads beneath her feet ;  
A decaying trunk her seat  
Made she, till each braided tress,  
Loosened, did its mate caress ;  
Singing mournfully the while,  
With a saddened, wand'ring smile  
Gazed she on each flowing lock ;  
Lightly scaled a frowning rock  
'Round which waters wildly swept ;  
Changing then her mood, she wept ;  
And each droop'd, mist-dripping leaf  
Joined the maiden's lonely grief,  
While the never-ceasing spray,  
Trickling down its channeled way,  
From the mossy granite fell  
With fresh speed, as pity's spell  
Softened e'en its hardened bed,  
Till it mournful tear-drops shed.

'Cross her fevered brow I swept,  
And, as scalding tears she wept,  
Brushed them from each drooping lid,  
Whispered her that death was hid  
'Neath the silver-crested wave ;  
But in vain I strove to save

From that doom the maiden fair ;  
Words of mine, like idle air,  
Pass'd her ears unheeded by ;  
With one wild, despairing cry  
From the spray-wet cliff she sprung,  
While the dark waves upward flung—  
To the maiden's coming greet—  
Their chill arms her form to meet ;  
Then I saw them madly whirl  
Onward with the struggling girl ;  
Saw one fierce, convulsive grasp,  
Heard one smothered, gurgling gasp  
Followed by a feeble moan,  
Then was with the waves alone.

Hushed the tale, and onward sped,  
As the scene renewed it fled,  
The sad wind ; while trailing vine,  
Lily pale and eglantine,  
Joined each trembling moistened leaf  
In a mingled wail of grief  
At the maiden's mournful fate ;  
Wond'ring why each friendly gate  
'Gainst the one who bore the sin  
Should be closed, while safe within,  
Welcomed was the tempter vile ;  
Wond'ring thus, they drooped awhile,  
Till with evening dews there came

Echoes of the lost one's name ;  
Sounding not in saddened wail ;  
Shrieking not in moaning gale ;  
Stealing 'stead in gentle sigh,  
Such as breathes when Autumn's sky  
With unruffled beauty glows ;  
Such as fans the opening rose,  
'Neath the pure, unclouded moon—  
Or, at sultry hour of noon  
Breathes upon the lily's leaf,  
Till its seeming weight of grief  
Is forgotten, and it rears,  
Dripping still with pearly tears,  
Its pale cheek of purest white,  
Thankful, to the offered light.  
Gently thus her name was heard,  
And, as by some magic word,  
Was each rising murmur stilled ;  
And a joyous feeling thrilled  
Through each drooping leaf and flower  
Of that ancient forest bower ;  
For they knew that she was there,  
Silent moving through the air.

Changed they then their sobs of woe  
To the breeze, that sadly slow  
Whispered them the mournful tale,  
As again it swept the vale,

Quickly told the tidings glad ;  
Then it changed its sighings sad,  
Paused to sweep the ling'ring tears—  
Remnants left of passing fears—  
From o'erburdened stalk and limb,  
Joined a while the thankful hymn  
Raised by them, that earthly wrong  
Could alone to earth belong ;  
That, in the creative mind  
Justice perfect she could find ;  
Justice, free from base alloy ;  
Justice, that would not destroy,  
But assist her wretched mind  
Rest by men denied, to find.  
Left it then the smiling bower,  
Whispered to each weeping flower  
That the morning's saddened tale  
Bowed, in sorrow, through the vale,  
Of the rest that she had found ;  
Then arose a joyful sound  
From each forest, hill, and dale,  
That had joined the morning's wail.



## The Spirit-Horn.

SILENCE, unbroken silence, reigns where late  
The ringing laugh and sportive jest were heard,  
Telling of hearts, as then, unclouded by  
The cares of rudimental life ; the rich,  
Exotic plants, whose perfume loads the air,  
Till it would seem that Persia's boasted breeze  
Its rarest gifts had brought, now droop as if  
In grief ; pictures, gazing upon us from  
Their draped, half-hidden frames, seem weeping 'neath  
Their painted smiles ; and in its gloomy folds  
Of black, severe the cold, unfeeling glass  
Reflects but sorrow.

Why is this ? why should  
Those beaming smiles be changed to bitter tears ?  
Why should these rooms that late re-echoed songs  
Of joy, now silent as the grave appear—  
Like some vast charnel-house, prepared for the  
Reception of the crushed and withered hopes  
Accumulated through long years of joy ?  
All nature smiles without ; the air is filled  
With gladsome sounds ; even the rattling cart  
Seems striving in its rough, unpolished way

To time with "feathered songsters of the grove,"  
Whose little throats are warbling notes of praise,  
Till prisoned mates, finding resistance to  
The gilded wires in vain, join in the song,  
Though with a somewhat saddened trill; but here  
Those sounds are muffled, and the reviving  
Sun, whose welcome beams call forth these grateful  
★ Songs, seeks vainly for an entrance through the  
Drooping folds, that fain would banish every  
Ray of light from these deserted rooms; or  
If, perchance, a struggling ray finds entrance  
Through some careless opening, it dimly falls,  
Tinged of a somber hue, upon the black  
Draped walls, and, by the contrast, to the scene  
Adds deeper gloom.

“Dead! dead! my child! my child!  
And hast thou gone forever from my sight?  
The light that glanced from out those beaming eyes,  
Now glazed in death, forever banished hence?  
Those little hands, so still, so icy cold,  
That ever could with their caresses cheer  
My loneliest hours, forever stilled? oh, no!  
It can not be! she does but sleep! I sure  
Again shall hear that darling voice—shall feel  
Those loved caresses—the music of those  
Feet are not—they can not be—hushed to a  
Never-ending silence; we can not part!  
My child! my child! awake, and leave me not

Alone in this cold world. Alas ! no voice  
Responds to mine—that stiffened tongue is mute ;  
The seal of death upon those precious lips  
Is placed ; the music of that angel-voice  
Is hushed, and I am desolate. She's gone !  
They tell me to a happy home—but where ?  
Her form is still before my eyes ; the curls  
Through which her smiles but yesterday burst forth,  
Like April sun from golden-tinted clouds,  
Are clustering to day upon  
This marble brow—these lips are hers, and e'en  
The smile—they ever wore when in her happy  
Tranquil mood—is resting on them ; all, all  
Are hers but this dread silence ; this belongs  
To death, and dooms her to the cold, damp grave.  
The grave ? oh, no ! I can not lay this head,  
Which hath so often pillowed on my breast,  
Within that dark abode, for winter storms  
To rage above, with no kind hand to wipe  
The gath'ring mould from this cold cheek—oh, no !  
I can not leave her there. If I could feel  
That what I love no longer dwells within  
This darling form, then I, perchance, might part  
From it with less of grief ; might yield it to  
Its gloomy bed without this severing  
Of soul. But thus we can not part. Oh, death !  
Whose envious dart hath stilled that bounding pulse,  
Release her from these icy bonds till she

This awful mystery can declare. 'Tis vain!  
My prayers return unanswered, and I weep,  
Alone. My child! my child!—would I had died  
For thee, my child!"

Thus, bending o'er the cold  
Remains of her whose merry laugh so late  
Re-echoed through these gorgeous rooms, with crushed,  
Despairing heart, the mother sobbed her grief;  
The precious bud that sprang from widowed stalk,  
As if its lonely way to cheer, was nipp'd  
By envious, death-biting frost, and drooped,  
And died, ere yet its perfumed beauties scarce  
Had opened to the wooing breeze, leaving  
The parent stalk all desolate. What then  
On earth could cheer the mother's heart? the light  
Had fled that blessed her lonely hearth, she knew  
Not where; 'tis true the man of God had told  
Her to a happy clime; but then he placed  
A gulf impassable between the hearts  
That lived but in each other's presence once,  
And deemed it grief to separate e'en for  
An hour; with such a gulf between, could she  
Be happy? Judging by her own stricken  
Heart, the mother's doubts would rise until she,  
In her wand'ring agony, upbraided  
Death for the forced separation, which left  
Of hope not e'en a flitting ray to cheer  
The darkening future.

But, hark ! too sweetly  
Soft to come from mortal lips, slow music  
Steals in wavy trills throughout that darkened  
Room ; perhaps too pure for mortal ears to  
Catch the strains which float above that darling  
Head, and seem connected, as it were, by  
Some mysterious link to that fixed cherub  
Smile, which lingers on those icy lips so  
Pure, so colorless, that one would deem them  
Freshly chiseled by some master hand from pure  
Unsullied marble, but for that smile—which  
Mortal hand, howe'er so high it ranked in  
Art, would fail to even imitate ; fresh  
Bursts of music fill the darkened air, till  
All this dreary room alive with angel  
Voices seems ; but still the mourner hears them  
Not ; she only thinks of her she loved as  
Dead, or, at the least, within some far-off,  
Dreamy place, with but a chance that they would  
Meet again forever. Oh, what a hope  
For stricken heart like hers—how desolate  
It seemed ! could she but leave that hope, so gross,  
Material, and worthless, for the truth  
Nature would teach ; would she but turn within  
Her eyes, so dim with tears ; forget awhile  
The outward world and list the teachings of  
Her own unbiased soul, quick would those gloomy  
Doubts give place to brighter hopes ; no longer

Would she in death a hideous monster see,  
Created for the curse of man, but hail  
It as a messenger from Heaven sent,  
To clothe with never-fading robes of joy  
And immortality the waiting soul ;  
The room, whose threshold it had crossed, she would  
In gloomy folds of black no longer drape ;  
But view it as the place, not where her child  
Had died, but where its little spirit, ere  
Yet 'twas stained by long abiding with the  
Flesh, had laid aside the shell which held it  
To the gross, material earth, unwilling  
Prisoner, e'en in its infancy ; she  
Would not roam the distant fields of space, in  
Mournful search for that mysterious home where  
Man, in simple ignorance, had told her  
Dwelt her absent child, to turn disheartened  
From the search—as now she did—again to  
Gaze with agony renewed upon the  
Fast decaying form ; to mark the fearful  
Ravages of death, and in despair feel  
Stealing through her half-crazed brain the dreadful  
Thought—“ this is the end of life ;” within the  
Grave our hopes, our fears, our joys, our sorrows  
All are hushed. Oh, no ! she'd not extend her  
Search to distant regions, nor would it be  
Thus fruitless ; a gentle voice, soft as the  
Whisperings of love, would murmur to her

Yearning soul—"Mother, thy side I have not  
Left; 'tis true I've laid aside the worthless  
Robe which late I wore, but, clothed in garments  
Of heavenly texture, now I hover near  
Thy heart, to ease it of its load of grief;  
Above those cold remains no longer weep;  
With me they've naught to do; like garments soiled  
And rent, aside they're cast, something to be  
Forgotten:" thus would her sobs be stilled and  
She, perchance, in calmer mood might hear some  
Ling'ring strain of the seraphic song sung  
Now, e'en here, within this dreary room, by  
Smiling spirit-forms, her angel-child to  
Welcome, and in the pauses of those notes  
Hold converse sweet with the invisible  
But ever-present form of her that now  
She mourns as dead.

Thus might it be with all  
Who agonize—refusing comfort o'er  
The husk, the outward covering of friends,  
Ere dread decay forever forces them  
Apart—would they but in their strength arise  
And soar above the narrow dome 'neath which  
They vainly seek for light; would they but range,  
Freed from their superstitious chains, the fields  
Of nature, from her pages study, and  
Seek the truth, not from the lips of others,  
But in the never-failing streams which have

Their rise deep in the inner caverns of  
The soul, their head the germ divine planted,  
By God, in every human breast, their mouth  
The boundless universe.



## A Vision.

WEARY with gazing on the strife that men—  
With brother, blessed word, still ling'ring on  
Their lips—hold with their fellow-men for vain  
Supremacy ; sick at sight of wrongs, of  
Bitter, burning wrongs heaped by the strong  
Upon the weak, the law-defenseless head ;  
Pained with the mingled sighs and groans that from  
The suff'ring thousands of the earth arise  
In one vast, wailing chorus to the God  
Of the oppressed, for freedom from the chains  
That ages long have rusted to the flesh,  
Hardened and seared by constant wear, till now  
They scarce would feel their weight, but for the worm,  
The canker of that rust, which ever gnaws  
And, as it deeper eats, creates a pain  
'That's keener felt than e'en the last, which seemed  
As it were insupportable—

Weary

Of all these bitter groans and tears, awhile  
I wandered from the busy haunts of men,  
Alone, to try if I my scattered thoughts  
From their confusion could recall, and there,

In solitude unbroken, rearrange  
Their broken ranks in order's firm array,  
Till I might rightly judge if what I saw  
Of earthly wrongs was but the picture of  
A heat-distempered brain ; or if such wrongs  
Indeed were done to man by brother man,  
Unnoticed for their commonness.

A spring,

Nestling almost unseen beneath a rock,  
Whose roughened surface aged velvet moss  
And creeping plants had leveled to a seat  
Luxurious and soft as palace lounge could  
Boast, my wand'ring steps approached ; the arching  
Foliage overhead, driving aslant the  
Sun's descending rays, seemed as inviting  
Beneath their welcome shade the weary soul,  
To find repose awhile from busy scenes  
Of earth ; a moment in uncertainty  
I paused, then yielding to the languor that  
With mysterious slowness enveloped every  
Sense, sunk half unconscious to the flowered  
Turf which circled 'round that limped spring like  
Oasis in a desert wild, a spot of  
Life amid a world of desolation,  
Or island-paradise surrounded by  
A boundless, dreary ocean.

But soon a

Change came slowly creeping o'er the scene ; the

Spring, which sparkled but a moment since in  
Conscious purity, had changed its peaceful,  
Home-like notes to dashing cadences ; and  
As it forced its heedless way, bounding from  
Rock to rock, methought, though pure itself as  
Yet, fragments impure it bore upon its  
Bosom, that, almost imperceptibly  
Dissolving as they passed along, mingled  
With the unconscious stream, giving a tint  
Of sadder hue to its bright, dancing waves ;  
But as I longer looked I saw fresh streams  
From fountain heads as pure as that from which  
It started, hasting with joy to cast their  
Mite upon its smiling breast ; and then, as  
Mingled into one they passed along, I  
Marked their purity combined cast off the  
Shade which had commenced to dim the early  
Brightness of the stream.

But while I mused, the  
Scene again was changed—the brook was now a  
Wildly leaping stream, resistless dashing  
On ; and though upon its breast floated huge  
Logs, borne by its waves from forests never  
By man disturbed, the germ of purity  
Which from that sparkling spring commenced, refused  
To mingle with the drift it swept along ;  
Or if it sometimes caught a tinge from what  
It bore, quick gathered all its force, and cast

The offending fragments on its grassy shore  
To linger in obscurity, until at length  
Some wave adventurous that rose above the  
Rest received it, purified by age, and  
Bore it from the place.

Thus, though its roaring  
Notes sounded more free and wild, it still was  
Pure ; but now huge fabrics upon its banks  
Appeared, and, disturbed by art, nature was  
Changed. Through channels dug by hands the torrent  
Rushed, and, at his bidding, wrought the work of  
Puny man ; then, its duty ended, sought  
Again its bed—but, ah, how changed ! Its pride,  
Its brightness, all had disappeared, and but  
A turbid, sluggish mass now met the eye,  
That vainly strove to cast its filthiness  
Upon the shore ; each struggling effort but  
Increased the filth, for nature no longer  
Smiled upon its banks : the flowered turf had  
Changed to filthy streets, and each returning  
Wave their drainings brought, till, in despair, the  
Hopeless task it fled, and hurried on to  
Hide its filth and shame beneath the ocean's  
Dingy wave.

· Awhile I gazed in sadness  
On the scene, then, sorrowing, turned away to  
Leave the place, but found a stranger by my  
Side. Although his silver locks betokened

Age, the piercing glance of youthful eye and  
Form erect, spoke *that within* secure from  
Time's relentless hand—not one of earthly  
Mold. A reverence and awe crept o'er my  
Soul. He spake :

“ Oh, mortal man ! the vision  
Is for thee—reflect and profit by the  
Lesson ; the smiling spring, half hidden by  
Sweet flowers and trailing vines, with not a speck  
To mar its beauty, is mind immortal,  
Emanating from the bosom of its  
God, pure and unspotted, to commence its  
Course in mortal frame ; with joyful songs it  
Changes to a running stream, and, bounding,  
Leaps from rock to rock, changing to songs more  
Wild, but still as pure ; for though it meets with  
Long-established creeds, assisted by fresh  
Streams from nature's fount it sweeps them on, in  
Size increasing, until still more bulky  
Obstacles it moves along, nor suffers  
By the contact ; for if the stream's less pure  
From such a burden, it quick aside is  
Cast, till minds too strong to be o'erpowered by  
Its impurities resistless sweep it  
From its long abiding place—a horror  
To the shrinking waves no more.

And thus it  
Rushes on, by its own workings casting

Impurities aside ; and ever pure  
As this it would have been if left to move  
Along in nature's path ; but when its bed,  
Obstructed by minds for selfish purpose,  
Is left, seeking to find its level, and  
Swept through other channels than designed by  
God, its purity o'erbalanced by the  
Yielding earth through which it rushed was lost, nor  
E'er regained till buried 'neath the ocean's  
Wave, when, on the bosom of the mist, it  
Once more ascended to its native seat,  
The paradise of God."

He ended, and

I found myself reclining by the spring  
Where I had slept    The sun was bathing all  
The western hills with his expiring light ;  
'The lowing herd returning from the fields,  
And parent bird seeking its happy nest,  
Whispered of home, and bade me once more seek  
The haunts of men ; but as my ling'ring steps  
Bore me from the enchanted place, I said,  
" Henceforth, with me the creeds, the lessons taught  
By men, shall yield to the divinity  
Of nature."

## Old Fables.

WHAT wild commotion's this ? discordant sounds  
And fearful strife in heaven, the fountain head  
Of peace ?—the fields where thought impure has ne'er  
Before found rest, the battle-ground become  
Of hosts of cherubs and of seraphs bright,  
Who until this dread hour were purity  
Perfected ? The throne of God, the only  
Great creative mind, where universal  
Love has sway omnipotent, become the  
Cause of dev'lish strife between those angel,  
Heaven-exalted minds ; revenge within, till  
Now, the peaceful breasts of all, opposer  
And opposed, creating, and in one vast  
Uprising the work of an Eternity  
Of ages making void and useless ! Why  
Is this ? the thinking mind would ask ; why should  
The Father, infinite in power and love,  
From whom all knowledge springs, create, if it  
Is sin to upward look, within the breasts  
Of cherished, happy children such desire ?  
Did the omnipresent One of secret

Danger dream, in distant ages of the  
Future and, by this stratagem desire,  
The danger probe? or did justice—mighty  
Attribute of Deity—urge on the  
Strife as punishment severe for early,  
Undeveloped sins by them committed  
In some rudimental sphere, ere yet they  
Reached the station glorious now occupied?  
Or did Love, attribute of all the most  
Divine, counsel the act, to guard the power  
Infinite, who created all desire  
(For till that time sin was not known), against  
Some future thought created by itself?  
Or was it that he, who was the Sun, the  
Center of all glory, by the mighty  
Act might, by man, the puny work of his  
Almighty hand, be glorified, that now  
The fields, where love and harmony alone  
Have right, should echo to the yells of fierce  
Revenge, while discord holds glad jubilee  
Exulting at the sight? Was scene like this  
Needed to guard 'gainst future, or e'en from  
Present danger omnipotence divine?  
Would justice, holy name, deserve to rouse  
A feeling impious within the, till then,  
Sinless breast of cherubim, disturbing  
Holy thoughts of ages, the beauty of  
Its impartial laws to prove—then, upon



The mind it thus urged to the deed, inflict  
Revengful punishment? Was't attribute  
Of love to gender hate implacable  
Between those hosts? Was't love urged on the strife  
And laughed aloud as mind immortal, with  
Uplifted hand, smote down its brother mind;  
Then o'er the tortures of the weaker hung  
And gloated at the sight? Was't love that smiled  
To see revenge hold feast upon those plains,  
And, while it feasted, with its greedy eyes  
Into the future peer, and ghastly grin  
At thought of coming victims—or throwing  
Watchful care, love, justice, all aside would  
Glory, if indeed Creator can by  
Creature's act be glorified, insure  
From fiendish strife like this? What glory dwells  
In vengeance, that purity incarnate  
The hellish attribute should seek? Copies  
Divinity from man, that scarce progressed  
Above the brute does battle fierce against  
His brother unprogressed; and, the slaughter  
Ended, great glory to himself receives  
That he, by treach'rous cunning, or else by  
Brutal force, his brother has o'erpowered?  
Like man, doesn't raise victorious shout above  
The bloody battle-field, and glorify  
Itself that its own mighty power has such  
Fearful carnage wrought? Is't in such vengeful

Scene divinity for glory seeks—or  
If, by causes mentioned now, the bloody  
Strife is not produced, whence comes that fiendish  
Shout which fills the whole celestial air, of  
Deadly combat telling, and in its wild,  
Tumultuous roar drowning the peaceful  
Angel-notes, which, undisturbed until this  
Time, were sounded ever from seraphic  
Harps—higher and higher rising, each strain  
More perfect than the last, which perfection's  
Incarnation seemed.

The reason for this

Tumult wild within the peaceful walls of  
Heaven, this wondrous change from holy thoughts to  
Aspirations sinful, the mind that hears  
The tale has right to ask, nor should be deemed  
Presumptuous that it seeks the cause to know ;  
For should it, if a cause can not be given  
For this most wondrous mythologic tale,  
Be censured that it will not blindly bow  
Before foundationless authority ?  
“ Thus saith the word,” to minds acknowledging  
The right to reason—first, best gift of God—  
Is not sufficient proof, though it may lean  
Somewhat toward the word, it still asks for  
Cause, and ever will, till cause is given or  
It rejects the causeless tale.

Then wonder .

Not, ye who have crushed that germ implanted  
In your breasts by Deity; ye who of sin  
In knowledge prate, and fear to turn your eyes  
Within for wisdom's light; wonder not that  
Some should ask a cause for monstrous tale like  
This; but wonder 'stead that ye, unblushing  
For your ignorance, such superstitious  
Tale accept because in ancient records  
It is found; ye who of ignorance and  
Superstition prate of those who modern  
'Truths receive by *facts* supported, look to  
Your walls, for brittle glass is easy crushed;  
Retire into the inner room, or some  
Stray missile, by yourself projected, may  
Rebound against your fragile structure; the  
Beam remove from your distorted vision  
First, then seek the mote, if mote there be,  
Within your brother's eye; but, till the beam's  
Removed, presume no more to glaring  
Imperfections seek in others.

## The East of the Red Man.

WHERE the broad Pacific's waters  
Lave the golden, western strand,  
With their weeping wives and daughters,  
Gather a decaying band—  
And their eagle eyes are flashing,  
While they muse upon their wrongs ;  
'Bove the roar of breakers dashing .  
Rise their wildly wailing songs—

“ From the valleys and the mountains,  
Which our fathers made their home,  
From their sparkling rills and fountains,  
We are driven forth to roam ;  
They, the race we hailed with pleasure,  
Coming o'er the eastern waves,  
Rob us of our only treasure,  
Drive us from their sacred graves.

“ Love we not the quiet rivers  
Winding through our native vales ?

Dear is every leaf that quivers  
Shaken by autumnal gales ;  
Dearer far are shadows streamin  
O'er our fathers' lonely graves—  
Than the glorious sunlight beaming  
On the vast Pacific's waves.

“ They the pale-face, worn and weary,  
Welcomed on the freezing sand ;  
In their forests, wild and dreary,  
Greeted them with friendly hand ;  
Had they known that they were clasping  
To their breasts a poisoned dart,  
Closer would have been the grasping  
Till they'd crushed the serpent's heart.

“ Warmed that heart 'neath their embraces  
Till it gained a giant's size,  
Then, before their startled faces,  
Did a monster form arise ;  
Silent it had gained the power  
Under which they groaning reel,  
But to which they will not cower  
Till it does their vengeance feel.

“ Soon the council-fires were burning  
And the war-whoop sounded loud—

From the chase, the braves quick turning  
Join the wild, excited crowd ;  
Then the tomahawk, unburied,  
Desolation hurled around ;  
Their sad fate it only hurried,  
Crushed them nearer to the ground.

“ Ever since we’ve been retreating ;  
Still they, eager, grasp for more—  
Injury and wrong repeating  
Till we’ve gained the farther shore—  
Oh, Great Spirit ! shall we longer  
Sink beneath oppression’s bands ?  
Shall we yield us to the stronger—  
Lick, like dogs, their tyrant hands ?

“ No ! the soul within is burning,  
Though ’tis helpless, crushed, and weak !  
And the heart the tongue is spurning  
That such thought it e’er could speak !  
While the hunting-grounds above us  
Are not closed against our feet,  
While those spirit-forms still love us,  
We with smiles our fate will meet.”

Hushed the song, and then advancing  
To the rock-encircled shore,

Not a soul was backward glancing  
At the homes they'd see no more ;  
Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters,  
'Neath the foaming, tossing wave  
Of the deep Pacific's waters  
Lie within its coral caves.

## Progress of the World.

WHAT means the sound that breaks upon my ear,  
Like murm'rings of a far-off sea of waves  
That dash, untiring, on the tow'ring cliffs,  
Which, like mighty bulwarks, guard the island  
Vale 'gainst their advances ?

A growing power  
Is moving through the earth, and struggling minds  
That long have been confined boldly refuse  
To tamely, blindly submit the God-like  
Attributes that dwell within to others'  
Dictates ; but, conscious in their might, arise  
And shake as 'twere with giant strength the galling  
Fetters from their hands ; the heaving earth is  
Struggling to be free, and rent in many  
Places is the veil of ignorance, which  
Like a gloomy pall has shrouded long the  
Minds of men.

Through dreary paths, darker than  
Darkest night—so dark 'tis hard to virtue  
Tell from vice—man long has wandered, seeking  
For some ray of light to cheer his gloomy



Pilgrimage on earth ; for there is ever  
That within him burns, tyrant oppression  
Strives in vain to quench ; a something stronger  
Far than outward man, which, crush it as he  
May, will rise again, and, rising, ever  
Point above. Something there is which tells of  
That beyond the grov'ling, selfish earth on  
Which he dwells, that bids him soar through regions  
Far above what telescopic eye can  
See, as minds, imprisoned minds can ever  
Comprehend.

Though some have ever lived who  
Did not fear to follow what their inner  
Promptings taught, the glorious destiny of  
Man fulfill, and soar above the earth, yet  
Most have stilled those thoughts deep back into the  
Inner temples of the heart, driven the  
Cooling, sparkling drops that, like a never  
Ceasing spring, their glad, refreshing streams should  
Have sent forth, and made their earthly homes a  
Paradise.

Often the panting soul would  
Find a vent, and, unrestrained, upon the  
Air gush forth, seeking to find its level,  
But, shrinking, it would see those noble minds  
Who did not fear, feeling the truth within,  
To speak their thoughts, by all the common herd  
Treated with silent scorn, or else with rude

Contempt, because they dared to soar above  
The willful, self-deluded crowd and learn  
More in one hour than they could comprehend  
In years—bound hand and foot by slavish chains,  
That held them fast and would not let them soar  
Above their masters. Men saw such sight, and  
Fearful lest the scorn should fall on them, drove  
Back the gushing tide ; folded their shackled  
Hands across their breasts, and bowed them to the  
Ground, with feigned humility, before the  
Fangless monster—worldly scorn.

But now those  
Pent-up fountains burst their bounds ; and gathering  
Fresh strength by long confinement, descend from  
Distant mountains to the plain, resistless,  
Sweeping all that bars their course. The mind of  
Man no longer yields a credence blind to  
Every tale, but asks for each effect a  
Cause ; and that increasing roar, like distant  
Waves which startle every ear, is one vast  
Cry for knowledge ; and that cry increasing  
Evermore, will rise until ascends from  
The awakening earth one universal  
Shout for Liberty. And not alone from  
Southern climes will it arise, for there are  
More cruel chains than those which bind the flesh ;  
Immortal minds are groaning 'neath the bonds  
Of ignorance, of which they would be free.

From them ye hear that cry—then 'wake ! arise,  
And join the shout, nor longer slumber in  
Your chains and fondly dream, in ignorance,  
Of bliss. No longer deem it sin that your  
Immortal souls, aspiring ever, seek  
For something new ; cherish those aspirations,  
Guard them with care, and watch that no rude hand  
Shall check their course progressive.

Rejoice, ye

Highly favored youth, that such a glorious  
Light is dawning on the world , that the dark  
Clouds of ignorance and oppression are  
Rolling back before the rising sun of  
Freedom, disclosing to your enlightened  
Visions scenes beyond the dreams of wildest  
Ancient seer ; rejoice that, unmolested,  
You can pierce the skies and make acquaintance  
With the rolling orbs ; so distant from the  
Sister orb on which you stand, that strongest  
Unassisted eye can not discern the  
Faintest glimmer of their light ; rejoice that  
Ye can penetrate beneath your feet the  
Solid rock, and read with geologic  
Eye your own earth's history ; nor fear that  
Fools will rail and deem it sin that you should  
Seek to know the mystery of creation.  
Then onward move, for thou art highly blest  
With privilege, far, far beyond the ages

Past ; look to it then, that ye do spurn them  
Not, but treasure as the apple of your  
Eye the lessons that you learn in nature's  
School.

And ye whose noble duty 'tis to  
Teach, act well the part that on life's stage ye  
Have to play ; the audience is vast—millions  
On earth, and countless hosts who long since left  
This sphere of action, with anxious int'rest  
Gaze upon the scene ; the play is deep—yea,  
Far exceeds in depth the acts of former  
Ages, and ye hold a part conspicuous  
On the stage ; act well that part, and teach the  
Youthful mind that fears, like eagles' young, to  
Leave its nest, to plume its wings and take an  
Upward flight ; nor fear, if it should reach the  
Foremost mind, to dart beyond and seek for  
Higher truths ; teach it its upward destiny,  
Nor bind it down, forbidding it to soar  
Above some master mind. *Progression* is  
The word ; let it be stamped upon your minds  
In characters of living flame ; in all  
Your teachings let that master word stand first.

## The Crucifixion.

Who is he, yon hill ascending,  
Followed by the railing crowd ?  
Low beneath a burden bending  
To the earth his form is bowed ;  
Soldiers keeping guard around him  
Join the rabble in their cry—  
See ! in mockery they've crowned him—  
'Tis some felon doomed to die.

Why are bitter tear-drops falling  
From that sinking felon's eyes,  
While with sneers his name they're calling,  
While around him curses rise ?  
Now with brutal rage they strike him,  
To increase his wearied pace,  
While the ruffian crowd, to spite him,  
Spit upon his gentle face ;

Gentle still, though bruised and weary,  
Though no friendly voice he hears,

Though, through all the way so dreary  
Naught but railing greets his ears.  
Sure he's some dread sin committed,  
That they thus assail him loud ;  
Not a voice that speaks him pitied  
Sounds from out the raging crowd.

Now he turns, with looks of pity  
Halting on his upward way ;  
Gazes on that noble city,  
Silent, bows himself to pray ;  
“ Heavenly Father, oh, forgive them,  
Lay not this unto their charge ;  
Though in darkness I must leave them,  
Father, now their hearts enlarge.”

While the shameful tree they're raising  
On that threat'ning, angry throng  
He with look of love is gazing—  
Can such look to crime belong ?  
Why is he this death deserving,  
He whose inmost soul is love ?  
Never from his duty swerving,  
Gentle, harmless as a dove.

If to cheer the broken-hearted  
And to heal the sick is guilt ;  
If 'tis sin to clothe the naked,

Truly let his blood be spilt ;  
For *these crimes* he's oft committed,  
Often cheered the fainting mind ;  
Grief and misery ever pitied,  
Comfort ever left behind.

For his death the wretches clamor  
Till they nail him to the tree ;  
While they wield the torturing hammer,  
Gloat upon his agony ;  
“ It is finished ! oh, forgive them ! ”  
That pure, gentle spirit cried ;  
“ Father, of this sin relieve them— ”  
Praying thus, the victim died.

Yes, 'twas finished ! they had vented  
All their wrath upon his head ;  
He their scoffs had not resented—  
Patient, uncomplaining, bled !  
Now the rabble throng dispersing  
Seek the city's crowded marts ;  
Silence takes the place of cursing,  
Guilt is resting on their hearts.

For that meek, that loving spirit  
They have hunted to the death ;  
Of their passions made a merit,  
Cursed him till his latest breath ;

He their curses met with blessing,  
For us, an example bright—  
Not his wrongs with wrong redressing—  
What will conquer darkness?—light.



## The Future.

WHILE beneath the shade reclining  
Of these blissful, happy bowers,  
Hope around my heart is twining  
Sweet impress of future hours.

Mingling with that joyous feeling  
Softly creeping o'er my mind,  
Visions of the future, stealing,  
Come like gentle summer's wind.

Now the vision grows still brighter—  
Present things have left my sight—  
All around seems freer, lighter,  
Not a shade of gloomy night.

From whence come those notes of gladness  
That now break upon my ear?  
Not from hearts oppressed with sadness,  
Nor from slaves to doubt and fear;

Notes like those can ne'er be sounded  
By oppressed and bleeding souls;

No ! they spring from love unbounded—  
Not by form or creeds controlled !

From the earth, those notes ascending,  
Which has thus in love progressed ;  
Praise commencing, never ending,  
Speaks that man's no more oppressed ;

Despots triumph there no longer,  
O'er a cringing, servile race ;  
Thanks to reason, they are stronger,  
Taking each his proper place.

War's no longer desolating,  
Laying waste a fruitful land,  
Sin and evil fast abating—  
As before a magic wand.

Brother no more looks on brother  
With a watchful, jealous fear ;  
Striving each to help the other,  
Side by side they now appear.

Oh, how lovely ! oh, how glorious !  
When men thus with men unite,  
Over party, sect, victorious,  
Pressing forward in their might !

The vision's passing from my sight,  
Fading into viewless air—  
But leaving on my soul its light,  
Firmly fixed and settled there.

Well I know the glorious dawning  
On the earth has now begun ;  
See the first faint beams of morning  
Darting forth from reason's sun.

Now, the rays but gild the mountains  
With a faint and feeble light ;  
But descending, like those fountains  
Downward from their mountain height,

Soon shall spread throughout the valley,  
Bringing light and peace to all ;  
While the hosts of heav'n shall rally—  
Rally at man's urgent call.

Then the bright millennial year,  
Christians long have watched in vain,  
In all its glory will appear—  
Pleasure then succeed to pain.

Forward, then ! look backward never  
From the work to which thou'rt called,  
Till the earth is free forever,  
Never more by sin enthralled.

## The Change.

WILDLY on life's troubled ocean  
With an ever-changing motion,  
Ever tossed by darkest wave,  
From the cradle to the grave;  
    On the tide  
    Did I ride,  
Fearful fancies by my side.

Like a meteor's transient gleaming  
O'er some lonely wand'rer streaming—  
Darting with a lurid glare  
Through the silent midnight air,  
    Was the light,  
    Fleeting, bright,  
'That illum'd my earthly sight.

Like the *Ignis Fatuus* dancing,  
Ever beck'ning, still advancing,  
Till the traveler, beguiled,  
Lost within the forest wild

In despair  
Grasps the air,  
Was to me that treach'rous glare.

Like the storm-cloud on the mountain,  
Then the dark, resistless fountain  
Gath'ring in my lonely heart,  
From its turbid spring would start—  
Onward roll,  
Till my soul  
Yielded to its mad control ;

Nor would for a moment tarry,  
But before its wild waves carry  
All that strove to check its way,  
All that would its progress stay,  
Till Lenore,  
On this shore  
Lulls its waves for evermore ;

Stills its course—with taper finger  
Motions, and the mad waves linger,  
Then, retiring, lakelets form,  
Sheltered from each bitter storm,  
Where glides love,  
Timid dove,  
Guarded by that smile above.

Happy change, from grief to gladness,  
Caldest smiles for fearful madness—  
Where a raging torrent's roar  
Echoed on its craggy shore,  
Flows a stream,  
From whose gleam  
Is reflected love's pure beam.

## They've Laid Her to Rest.

THEY'VE laid her to rest where the cypress waves  
    Its dark boughs over her head ;  
While willows that droop o'er the scattered graves,  
    And mourn for the early dead,  
Sigh low to the air, with a saddened sound,  
And sweep, in their sorrow, the freshened ground.

“ We give dust unto dust,” the words were said,  
    Quick followed by falling ground ;  
And they left the place with a hurried tread,  
    For sad was the muffled sound—  
While weeping they thought of the youthful face  
And form they had left in that dreary place.

They wept as they entered the empty room  
    Where last they gazed on her brow,  
For the flowers she loved, though still in their bloom,  
    Seemed sad and desolate now ;  
The eye was glazed that had watched them unfold,  
The hand that nourished was stiffened and cold.

They wandered those chambers wretched and sad,  
The light that cheered them had fled ;  
Hushed was the laugh once so ringing and glad,  
Drear silence reigned in its stead ;  
And their hearts with murmurings bitter rebel  
That death's cold hand on their darling had fell.

Oh, could they have seen, as 'round her they pressed  
And wept at each gasping breath,  
The spirits of loved ones gone to their rest,  
Who waited approach of death  
To greet her, in loving, seraph-embrace,  
They could not have gazed with grief on that face.

Could they have heard, as they stood 'round her grave,  
The sounds that greeted her ear,  
The cypress' dark shade, the willow's slow wave  
Would not have whispered of fear,  
But told of mansions enduring, above,  
Where, ever, is heard sweet music of love.

They would not have left with such hurried tread  
The place where her form was laid ;  
Nor wept as the soil above her cold head  
Was thrown by the sexton's spade—  
If they could have seen that bright spirit wave  
Its joyful, freed pinions o'er the chill grave.



Nor would they feel, as they enter that room,  
That all was blasted and drear ;  
Could they but pierce superstition's dark gloom,  
And know their darling was near,  
Their hearts would bound with thanksgiving and praise  
That God, in his love, had shortened her days.

## Death.

OH, Death ! so long abused—so long declared  
The enemy of man ! from us receive,  
Who have thy power felt, thy just desert !  
We met thee once with dread, and shrank, as on  
Each pallid brow thy chilling hand was laid ;  
We trembled as thy near approach we felt,  
And deemed thee monster hideous, whose greedy  
Jaws would shut us from the present world, and,  
To some uncertain state our shrinking souls  
Consign ; with fear we felt thy chill embrace,  
And struggled to release us from thy grasp ;  
But found our struggles vain and yielded, how  
Unwillingly, our panting souls unto  
Thy power resistless ; but when, resistance  
O'er, we sank into thy arms, what joy was  
Ours to find our fears imaginary dreams ;  
To find thee, not as pictured on our minds,  
The imagery of curse divine upon  
Our early parents sent—by them entailed  
To us as punishment that we were born

Of them—to find thee, not an endless wall  
Of separation made between the hearts  
That earthly life had mingled, as it were,  
In one ; not the destroyer of our earth-  
Formed hopes, but the change, the happy change through  
Which those hopes, those aspirations, all were  
Purified and made inhabitants more  
Fit for their celestial habitations.

What joy was ours to find the grasp, which, spite  
Our struggles, held us firm, not the fierce grip  
Of some revengeful monster sent to force  
Us from the cherished friends that stood around ;  
But friendly hand of angel-messenger,  
From love divine, to lead us, sent, from the  
Decaying tenement of flesh, to climes  
Where joy progressive ever more should be  
Our portion heavenly !

A messenger

Of love unto our weary souls thou wert  
Indeed ; and when by thee the blissful scenes  
Of paradise were opened to our view,  
Humiliating shame was mingled with  
Our 'wakening joys that we, in ignorance,  
Had ever of thee thought as curse on man  
For early disobedience sent ; and glad,  
From that time hailed thee Heaven's choicest gift  
To mortal man.

## Dogmas.

WEEP not as you gaze on the features  
That soon must be hid from your sight,  
Nor think that the least of God's creatures  
Is doomed to an eternal night.  
Away with such blasphemous thought!  
By lessons of Jesus be taught.

Thinkest thou that thy God would destroy  
The work which he once pronounced good?  
Would it not his pure glory alloy,  
That ages unnumbered has stood,  
A mark to the uprising soul—  
In race to perfection the goal?

Thinkest thou that anger a dwelling  
Can find in that deific breast?  
That feelings revengeful are welling  
Where purity only should rest?  
Oh, shame! to the unthinking mind  
That such foolish dogmas can bind!

Oh, woe to the sheep of the shepherd  
 Who wanders so far from the way ;  
 Sooner changed are spots of the leopard  
 Than the spirit that falleth a prey—  
 Refusing each glimmer of light—  
 To such worse than the darkness of night.

Why turn to those pages so dusty  
 To prop up the wavering creeds ?  
 Those volumes so blotted and musty  
 The reasoning minds never needs ;  
 Though coming from Spirit divine,  
 Disfigured is many a line.

But stand firm the whole truth to receive  
 That reason and nature will teach,  
 Until you're constrained to believe  
 Divinity dwelleth in each ;  
 Nor yield a blind credence to one  
 E'er reason has fully begun.

## The Rock of Truth.

UPON the shores of time  
For countless ages reared a lofty cliff  
Its noble head above the foaming waves,  
Which, unceasing from the boundless ocean  
Of immensity, with fury impotent,  
Dashed in their gathered strength against its base.  
Since first those waves commenced an endless war  
'Gainst its foundations firm, thousands of cliffs  
That seeming stood as firm as it have bowed  
Their craggy heads before the ceaseless dash  
That, grain by grain, wore out the crumbling earth  
On which they stood, until without support,  
As if reluctant thus inglorious  
To yield their boasted strength they, irresolute  
For one brief moment, wavered, then with  
A sullen plunge sank in obscurity  
Beneath the leaping spray, uphurled by the  
Rejoicing conquerors to triumph o'er  
Their downfall.

Nations into existence sprang

And passed away ; powers commenced and ended ;  
Ages grew old, and reluctant yielded  
Their tottering rule to ages just commenced,  
Which, in their turn, grew old and passed from sight  
To be forgotten ; but still that cliff, firm  
And unchanged as when implanted first by  
Deity upon that shore, hurled proudly  
Back those angry waves and laughed defiance  
At their puny efforts.

Not like those conquered cliffs  
Were its foundations built upon the sand ;  
But as earth's center deep the solid base,  
Whose snow-capped apex reached the skies as firm,  
As indestructible as earth itself  
It stood, and stands ; and ever will o'er its  
Assailants triumph.

That cliff is *Truth*.

And waves of error, of bigotry, and  
Superstition may chafe around its base  
Until they tire and find their labor vain ;  
The winds of envy 'round its topmost peak  
May howling whirl, threat'ning to level to  
The baser plain its noble front ; malice  
With her sulphurous bolts may dart above  
Its craggy head ; her hollow growl it laughs  
To scorn, and hurls her fiery darts defiant  
Back to feed in gloomy disappointment  
On herself.

The God-implanted rock  
Will ever stand secure ; nor does it ask  
From puny man protection—itsself its  
Best protection is ; then if upon its  
Rough exterior the dust of ages  
Should sometimes gather, until some poisonous  
Vine takes root, and, cautious outreaching  
With its deadly tendrils, winds slowly up  
Toward its head, fear not that those who seek  
To tear the creeping fibers from their hold  
Will in the least deface the rock itself—  
That can not be ; the soil which nourishes  
Such noxious weeds will be uprooted, and  
Where the rock was late disfigured by its  
Blighting presence will its pure face appear,  
Uninjured, uncontaminated.

Then why oppose the efforts  
That, to your sight, blinded by prejudice,  
Perhaps would seem as if about to hurl  
That firm, moveless rock from its foundation ?  
Only the deadly vines will from its face  
Be rent, while truth outrides, triumphant  
Every storm, nor quails at what to you seems  
Sure destruction.



## The Pilot—Reason.

BEFORE the gale a storm-tossed vessel flies,  
Her creaking masts, submissive, cowering  
Almost to level with the leaping foam  
That angry chafes against her dripping hull;  
Hoarse, muttering thunders roll around, and while  
The howling winds her death-dirge sing with shriek  
And wail, forked-lightnings through her tattered sails  
Quick dart, till fabled Pandemonium's  
Glowing gates unbarred, 'twould seem had yielded  
Ready egress to its yelling crew, who,  
In the fury of their joy, were holding  
Glad jubilee all through the darkened air;  
Like hounds of Tartarus black, yawning waves  
Hold by her quivering side the fearful chase,  
And ever and anon leap up unto  
Her very yards, moist'ning with foaming tongues  
The loosened ropes, as they, unwillingly,  
Were waiting for the final plunge, that to  
Their greedy, gaping jaws would yield her up  
A helpless victim.

Upon her groaning deck,  
With hands upraised toward the inky clouds,  
Which darker seemed to frown upon their prayers,  
Her gathered crew, with horrid calmness—such  
As despair alone can give—are waiting,  
Silent, for the expected shock, that to their  
Long-anticipated graves will send each  
Care-worn, weather-beaten frame.

Not at the thought  
Of chilling grave beneath old Ocean's breast  
Do they repine, for that they long have prayed  
Might be their resting-place ; but of loved friends  
They're thinking now, who, watching, long will wait,  
And waiting hope, till wearied hope retires  
And leaves them crushed and desolate ; 'tis thoughts  
Like these that bow those manly forms unto  
That sea-strained deck in speechless agony ;  
And for the sake of those loved, waiting ones  
They pray, that this once, only, may their bark  
Be spared.

Nor are those hardy sons of toil  
Alone in their despair ; a venerable  
Form holds firm the wheel, and fearless fronts  
The howling winds that yelling whirl among his  
Silver locks, as if they fain would wrap him  
Around with fiendish arms and drag him down  
Before that doomed bark, into the gloomy,  
Caverned billows of the deep ; the angry

Spray dashes in madness o'er his wrinkled  
Brow, and shrieks its disappointment that it  
Can not sweep him from the deck ; the threat'ning  
Lightnings dart in their wrath before his sight ;  
Yet quails he not, but firmly holds his place  
And proudly smiles, secure in conscious strength.

Now woman's feeble shriek is heard,  
And from her spray-invaded sanctuary—  
With agony-clasped hands, her golden locks  
Disheveled by the gale, which louder shrieks  
At her appearance wild—rushes a form  
Of youth and beauty once, now only of  
Despair the picture, to make more perfect  
The fearful scene ; upon the breast of age  
She cowering sinks and mute implores, with looks  
Which louder speak than words, protection ;  
While the fierce billows higher, wilder leap,  
As if in joy that one more victim waits  
For the last, dread scene of this heart-crushing  
Tragedy.

Deeper the thunders roll,  
And fiercer lightnings flash, until the last  
One of that noble crew forsakes his post,  
Leaving alone the calm, majestic form  
That firmer holds the wheel, and heads the ship  
Direct before the gale ; he, as the storm  
Increases, bolder grows, nor wavers at

Its strength, nor yields, e'en to imploring voice  
Of helpless youth, that fain would have him seek  
Security in cabined hold.

He long has silence kept ;  
And only seemed, as one by one they fled  
Their posts, about to speak, but ere the words  
Were uttered closed his lips, as if in scorn,  
And silent braved the gale ; but now the last  
Has fled, and he alone the gale-chased bark  
Is left to guide : upon one only now  
Depends the safety of the noble ship,  
That, like a frightened racer, plunges 'neath  
His steady hand, and rushes seeming on  
To fearful end ; and hark ! he speaks ! the lips  
That scorn had sealed are parted now, and 'bove  
The yelling blast rings full and clear his voice ;  
At the fearless sound up from the deck spring  
The despairing forms of all that crew, and  
Man again, with hope renewed, the dripping  
Ropes.

That youthful form relaxes slow her  
Frightened grasp, and shelter seeks beneath the  
Storm-washed deck, ashamed that she had yielded  
To such fear ; the gale in disappointment  
Sinks away to silent rest ; the thunders  
Muttering retire, accompanied by  
The fierce glare that lights their pathway through the  
Caverned clouds ; the angry waves, no longer

Into fierce fury lashed, yield humbly now  
Before the parting prow, nor resistance  
Dare.; and while the Day-God's earliest rays are  
Darting o'er those waves subdued, the wished-for  
Port appears, into which glides, safe guided  
By the noble, God-like form of REASON,  
The rescued ship, and safe at anchor rides  
Within her native bay, as though she ne'er  
Had known but calms.

## Poverty's Doom.

NIGHT's dusky pall is settling slowly down  
On tow'ring spires, that rise 'bove marble halls  
Where wealth triumphant reigns, and hovels low,  
Where poverty sits shivering in rags,  
As if with selfish finger they would clasp  
The last, ling'ring sunbeams which for many  
Weary winter hours they've hid from trembling  
Forms that, crouching 'neath their shade, have prayed, aye  
Vainly prayed, for one stray beam to pierce the  
Gloomy adamantine walls, and wake to  
Life, to wretched life, their poverty-chilled  
Frames ; with eager looks they've viewed the flick'ring  
Rays steal slowly up the richly-carved and  
Wealth-encumbered spire, leaping from scroll to  
Scroll, as if in heartless sport they mocked their  
Woes, then, as the gilded cross, emblem of  
Christianity, they reached ling'ring, they  
Seemed as if, repentant of their careless  
Mirth, they'd fain return to cheer the haggard  
Forms beneath ; but only for a moment

Paused, then from the gilded emblem upsprung  
Into the cold, blue sky, and faded from  
Their sight ; nor passed away alone, but bore  
Along the ling'ring hope which, while those rays  
Were to the earth connected, though by that  
Poverty-forbidden pile, still dwelt with  
Those chilled, famished forms, to smooth the ragged  
Edge of poverty.

The hurried tread of  
Many feet proclaims the presence of the  
Toiling mass, whose weary sweat is coined to  
Glitt'ring gold, to load the few, the idle  
Few, with useless gems, or else, unused, to  
Dim in heaps within some banded chest ; and  
As they homeward drag their famished, o'erworked  
Frames to seek forgetfulness, their only  
Friend, in stupid sleep, imploring voices  
Rise at every step, from those who e'en that  
Short respite find not except upon the  
Cold, damp street ; the slimy curb their pillow,  
Companioned with the wallowing beast, whose  
Stupidness they fain would share.

But fewer  
Feet are passing now ; and as the night creeps  
On apace, upon the streets a stillness  
Settles down—a stillness broken only  
By despairing sobs from lowly wanderers,  
Who through the day with raised, imploring hands

And streaming eyes, have begged and begged, to meet  
With chilling looks, or blows, or curses from  
The Christian throng, until at last, without a  
Shelter for the form that holds divinity  
Enshrined, before the chilling, midnight air  
They cowering shrink and ask despairingly  
For death ; by dread of future only held  
From seeking it beneath the prancing feet  
Of gold-emblazoned steeds, that sweep along  
With laughing beauties on the cushioned seats  
Reclined, whose jeweled tresses, were they shorn,  
Would plume hope's wings anew until she'd seek  
The place where dread despair has brooded long,  
And chase her from the place.

Anon those moans,

By near approach of seeming merriment,  
Are drowned ; a laugh is grating on the ear ;  
But how unlike the laugh of innocence ;  
False as hell itself ! a mockery of  
Mirth, 'tis forced from out those ghastly lips with  
Such a hollow sound, that e'en the painted  
Cheeks, beneath the blush that mantles up the  
Once pure brow, grow dim and pale ; despair is  
Father to that fiendish laugh, and, with  
Revenge its mother, in that once pure breast  
Holds horrid revel, feasting on departed  
Virtue, blasted hopes, cruel neglect, and scorned  
Until the seat of love a very hell



Becomes ! while those who make it so, prate  
Knowingly of early sin, of fallen  
Nature, and of hearts depraved, e'en while they  
On the other side pass by, and leave the  
Friendless Magdalen to deeper sin, lest  
They should soil themselves in contact.

But from

These scenes my soul revolting turns, to ask  
The cause ; why, why, oh, God ! should such things be  
Where holy, consecrated spires are up  
To heaven pointing, to tell the Christian's  
Hope ?—where followers of the pure Nazarene  
Are numbered by the hosts ; why toils away  
His life the struggling artisan for bread ?  
Why herds divinity with swine, and in  
Despair wishes that it knew no more than  
Its companion beast ?—why sweeps the painted  
Harlot o'er the night-frosted pave with none  
The helping hand to give ? no kindly balm  
To heal the guilt-scarred heart, and raise her from  
Her degradation ? Look to your altars  
For the cause ! Until the temple 's cleansed 'tis  
Vain to seek for beauty in its walls ! While  
Hirelings desecrate the inner courts—while  
Christianity is bought and sold like  
Paltry trash ; while vice embroidered finds a  
Seat where ragged virtue 's scorned, such sights  
Will ever mar the scene.

In form, the power of  
Godliness is lost ; beware, ye who have  
Found the mystery of that power whose forms no  
More encumber you ! by fruits the tree is  
Known, and he who seeks to grasp the apple  
From the fruitless limb will find a shadow  
In his hand, or, worse, a bitter morsel,  
A deadly poison to the mind ; again  
Beware ! beware of forms !

## A Vision.

FROM scenes of glory, such as mortal eyes,  
Would dim to gaze upon, where love, from earth's  
Impurities made free, weaves ever crowns  
Of priceless worth from hope's glad rainbow tints,  
For the freed millions that her counsel take ;  
From angel paths upwinding evermore  
Through scenes of fairer beauty, and where joy  
Divine beams forth from each seraphic face,  
I turn, reluctant, my unwilling gaze  
Into the distant, gloomy past ; a deep,  
Impenetrable darkness shrouds the scene,  
Bidding defiance to the clearest sight ;  
A darkness such as spirit-eye alone  
Can see, that seems embodied in material  
Form, so dense its horrid blackness.

But while I gaze,  
The shade that but a moment since seemed like  
An everlasting barrier of strength, rolls  
Heavy back, giving permission to my  
Sight to roam, still on its unwilling

Search for the dark, dread secrets of the past,  
Until it meets another check ; not now  
A shade, a dreary void that only in  
Imagination has a form, for through  
The fearful gloom, impenetrable still  
To mortal eyes, the jagged points appear,  
Mingled promiscuous of frowning rocks,  
Which, as if upheaved by tortured Nature's  
Fiercest throes, in wild irregularity  
Are piled, until the eye at either way  
Can find no end, and upward looks, only  
To see the thick'ning shade receive into  
Its dark embrace, and blend the roughened points  
Into night's blackest pall.

My sight, no longer free  
To dart ahead, wanders, devoid of rest,  
Around those earthquake-sculptured walls, seeking  
Some opening through the horrid shapes of gloom  
That, frescoed by volcanic fires, seem, from  
Gigantic robes of blackest shade, starting  
To bar advance.

Through those imaginary ranks  
Of fearful shape it wanders vainly on,  
Until at last a break appears ; though not  
Of promise much it seems, but darker  
Shade, of care mysterious it tells, through which,  
Perchance, my step may wandering find, though it  
Be but small, some opening, from which the eye

May gaze, and read of brighter days than seem  
Impressed upon these walls ; adventurous  
Indeed the journey seems, and peril lurks  
At every step—but forward, self-impelled,  
I move, and scorn to ling'ring wait while aught  
Before me is to learn.

The entrance reached ;  
Those dusky forms seem stooping from their cold  
Rigidity to warn me back ; but as I enter,  
Changed, appear to close the way with their gaunt,  
Shadowy arms, and hold me prisoner, in  
Living grave confined ; the rock-ribbed arches  
Overhead send echoing, like distant  
Thunder, back the hollow sound that rolls the  
Caverned way along at every step of  
My advance ; with frightful stare the wondering  
Eyes of startled night-birds, through the black void,  
From every side upon me glare, while their  
Sharp boding screams in wild discordant sounds  
Combine at this intrusion on their chill  
Solitude ; disgusting reptiles at my  
Step retreat into their inner, shiny  
Dens, or coiled in hissing heaps warn me to  
Change my course, while poisonous bats brush fiercely  
Past on angry wing, to make more horrid  
Still the gloom ; until, with brain confused, I  
Turn discouraged from the search, again to  
Seek the outer world ; but only turn to

Find confusion greater still, fresh discords  
Circling 'round my path, and horrors new on  
Every side urging me on into the  
Dread unknown, to 'scape the awful present.

But in the distance  
Lurid rays across the dreary way are  
Flashing fitfully, and thither now I  
Turn my steps confused to find the cause ; nor  
Check my speed until, the distance reached, full  
In the glare I stand, and gaze with wonder  
On the scene unfolded to my view.

Upon a mighty throne,  
Whose vast foundations, broad as earth on which  
They rest, embedded are in hecatombs  
Of slaughtered millions, sits the giant form  
Of BIGOTRY ; clothed in his robes of stern,  
Relentless power, he holds a bloody axe  
Suspended o'er the cowering thousands at  
His feet, and while his chosen favorite,  
REVENGE, sends death and misery unchecked  
Abroad to all that dare his power deny,  
Encouragingly smiles, and waves him on  
To darker deeds of blood ; upon his right,  
Gray, wrinkled SUPERSTITION stands, and with  
Her shadowy but mysterious power upholds  
The form that but for her would totter in  
Its childish imbecility, and sink,

A helpless shadow, to the earth ; while she,  
Without protection from the hand which she  
Sustains, would by REASON's biting lash from  
Off the face of earth be driven ; IGNORANCE,  
Black Ignorance, with vacant smile, supports  
His left, holding her ready robe before  
The gaze of all who would inquire, to hide  
The imperfections of her tyrant lord ;  
And while she holds the vail before their eyes,  
Prates with her parrot tongue of hidden things,  
Of mystery that it is deadly sin  
To seek to solve ; then sings of bliss in blind  
Obedience, until the list'ning crowd  
Bow down before her vacant face, and dream  
That in her soulless, stupid smile they read  
Of perfect peace ; then join the hosts that bow  
Before the hand of blood which holds them, by  
That mated pair, its willing slaves.

A horrid crew,

In many a phalanx deep and strong, are ranged  
On either side ; in the front rank MURDER  
Appears, and with her blood-red hand casts at  
The tyrant's feet a quivering heart, that from  
The mangled breast of one who dared assert  
The truth was torn ere it had ceased to beat,  
And for the cursed deed claims boldly her  
Reward, which ready granted sets her in  
Advance of all that crew, with title of

" *First propagator of the faith,*" and she,  
Flanked by her followers, exulting wheels  
Her brutal butcheries to recommence,  
Under blasphemous name of "holy war."

SLANDER advances next,  
And bears the blasted character of one  
Whose heart was purity itself within  
Her blighting hand, that she by her vile hints  
Has driven to the suicidal wave,  
To shelter seek, in desperate moment, from  
Her venom'd darts, because she would not yield  
The God-implanted reason of her soul  
For Bigotry's blind, damning creeds ; now the  
Grim phantom smiles, and condescending takes  
Her withered hand in his, to lead her to  
Station high before the hosts arrayed, who  
Wait her nod, to make each quiet village  
Green a battle-ground of strife—each happy  
Fireside but a wrangling hell.

But why should I delay  
While each unholy leader fierce displays  
His shameful trophies to that tyrant power ?  
Why wait to look on vice rewarded, while  
Down-trampled virtue bleeds ?—The misery of  
The past is now explained, and at the doors  
Of cursed BIGOTRY I lay the groans  
And wails that ages long have risen from  
Suffering humanity—imploing



Aid to upper air—the murdered hosts whose  
Blood has sprinkled every plain ; the crushed and  
Bleeding hearts—defamed and slandered by her  
Groveling parasites—whose tears have flowed in  
Torrents through the land at shame unjustly  
Heaped upon them, call for your overthrow,  
Oh, heart-polluting BIGOTRY !

And you, ye noble few,  
Who bold array yourselves those mighty ranks  
Against, though treachery and murder on  
Your right assail, while Slander on the left  
Advances fierce, shrink never from the task ;  
Compact and close, welded in solid square,  
Press on direct toward the first great cause  
Of misery ; the frowning tyrant crushed,  
His satellites will hide their heads in caves  
And dens, and starve in solitude.

## Theology.

BACK, back, material mists of earth !  
Into the past, which has so long bowed down  
Before your gloom mysterious, retire !  
The present needs no more your aid, but seeks  
The unobstructed light of truth ; long has  
Your blighting presence intervened between  
That glorious light and souls in mortal frames  
Encased, giving its gross, material tint  
To emanations of divinity,  
As unpolluted as divinity  
Itself ; aye ! even the divine has not  
Escaped your base, polluting presence free ;  
For the great creative, great pervading  
Mind, from which all motion sprang, the Mind that  
Hurled the countless systems into space, then  
Bade them all harmoniously 'round their  
Many centers roll, nor interfere one  
With the other, in the race sublime ;  
The Mind that spans a universe so vast  
That seraphs high, who flit from star to star

Ere thought a wing unfolds, have never found  
Its end ; the Mind whose changeless plans must be  
Perfection perfected, unchangeable  
Forever, or result in wild disorder  
Evermore increased ; the Omnipresent  
Mind, whose power omnipotent throughout all  
Space extends, you've robed in finite form of  
Man, slow wandering through the earth, screened by the  
Waving foliage, just by him created,  
From the burning rays of one of those bright  
Centers, moulded by his Almighty hand  
And hurled into the circling realms of space.

The voice of Omnipresence,  
At your arbitrary mandate, issues  
From divinity-refreshing shades in  
Thunder tones—the presence of created  
One, that from his sight is hid—commanding ;  
Then, as the trembling fugitive appears,  
A curse—the first to which the smiling face  
Of earth e'er listened—those lips divine you  
Make to utter, because frail man (by him  
Created frail) has to temptations, placed  
Purposely before him, yielded ; nor falls  
The curse alone on the transgressor ;  
The fruitful earth, pronounced by those same lips  
As good, doomed to sterility, no more  
Rewards the panting laborer without  
A daily tribute from care-wrinkled brows ;

The flowers which sprang spontaneous from the soil,  
Must, withered, pass from off its face, or yield  
But niggardly perfume as payment for  
Long hours of watchful care ; while e'en the beasts  
That sported o'er earth's earliest tender green  
In harmony unbroken, are for man's  
Transgression cursed, and upon each other  
Prey in sudden wrath, until their fangs drip  
With the blood that but a moment since coursed  
Playfully along their passion-scatheless  
Veins.

Each law of earth's condition  
Undeveloped, thus ye called a curse ; saw  
Angry Gods in each electric flash, and  
Heard in the quick following report the  
Boding rumble of their chariot wheels ; each  
War of elements was brooding wrath of  
Deity ; each tinted bow told of that  
Wrath appeased ; each meteor's transient flash, each  
Earthquake's rumbling jar, were premonitions  
In your sight of fearful future ; thus wrath  
Was nourished in the human breast, wrath to  
Repel, and base revenge a resting-place  
There found ; but yet he deemed it not enough  
With your damp, heavy fogs to dim the light,  
Till Deity, thus seen, was to a level  
Brought with man created, while man sank down  
To equal level with the beast of prey,

But settled thicker down, and darker made  
The scene by clothing the Unchangeable  
In robes of fickleness, till he repents  
Him of his noblest work, and sends from out  
The fountains of the deep resistless floods,  
To sweep him from his angered sight, as though  
In ignorance was issued the command  
To multiply and fill the earth ; then spared  
A chosen family, his stern commands  
Again to disobey ; with bloody robes  
Of cruelty you've wrapped him 'round, until  
His name is but a name of fear, his voice,  
The voice of anger infinite.

Then back again, I say,  
Oh, soul-enshrouding mists ! for in the east  
The golden tint appears that speaks approach  
Of welcome dawn, and her advancing chariot  
Whispers of thy conqueror.

Hark ! catch ye not the sound  
Above the selfish roar of outer life—  
Of breaking chains, that ye so long have heaped  
Upon your trembling slaves ? the cheering sound  
Is rising strong above the warning blasts  
Echoing from every watch-tower of your  
Fast decaying, fear-encompassed walls ; and,  
Swelling forth, it meets the early rays with  
Promise freighted darting 'cross the eastern  
Sky, the speedy advent of the noon-tide

Blaze to usher in ; at the awakening  
Cry, which from each quarter of the earth so  
Long by you enslaved ascends, your crumbling  
Walls totter and sway with fear, and, like the  
Walls of Jericho, at the united  
Sound that soon will rise, they'll level with the  
Earth in desolation lie, a jest and  
By-word to the crowd they once inclosed.

With eye prophetic,  
That the future reads like printed page, I  
See advancing mighty hosts, arrayed in  
REASON's armor strong, prepared to battle  
Do 'gainst the material ranks that wait,  
With wavering, broken front, their coming ; square  
After square wheels into sight in rising  
Tiers, until the upper center of the  
Arch seems reached, while at either way the ranks  
Extending, in the distance blend with the  
Blue of space, giving imagination  
Liberty to roam still on and on in  
Search of either flank ; as they advance, in  
Wild disorder break the wavering ranks that  
Them oppose, and, coward-like, into their  
Separate holds retreat, then turn to make a  
Show of bravery, protected by their walls ;  
But REASON from the front advances, and with  
Resistless batteries of might, action  
Against those rock-embattled fortresses

Commences, the roar of which by mortal  
Ears e'en now is heard ; but farther on my  
Sight extends, and sees, amid the eddying  
Whirl, the towering spire that, rising 'bove the  
Dust and smoke below, marks where each fortress  
Stands falling on every side, confusion  
Making greater still ; but the fierce din that  
Marked the heat of strife is growing less, the  
Blinding smoke, which like a cloud has hung so  
Long between my sight impatient and those  
Striving hosts, is rising 'bove the scene, and  
Where but late those frowning piles cast dreary  
Shade across the way, Nature's more airy  
Castles rise, and shouts ascend, glad, happy,  
From millions freed from slavish bondage  
By the change.

## A Fragment.

BLACK night, your blackest pall unloop,  
And drape in deepest gloom the smiling blue  
Of heaven—the budding beauties of the earth  
Within your thickest folds enwrap, till its  
Inhabitants shall in the darkness grope,  
Trembling with dread, lest next advancing step  
Shall plunge their sightless forms into some dark  
Abyss, made by your rayless drapery  
More dark.

Dart into distant space, bright orb  
Of light, till telescope-assisted eye  
Shall fail to mark your sudden flight ; and you,  
Ye suns, with your revolving satellites,  
Retire, nor strive to pierce the vail with which  
The ebon hand of night seeks to enshroud  
The earth ; leave her alone in her wild flight  
With no companion but the orb she guides,  
Which, with its light withdrawn, 'round her whirls  
A thing to dread in its mysterious gloom.  
Drive to her center, fierce Vesuvius,



The flames she spouts from out your roaring mouth !  
Let each volcanic torch she lights by the  
Proud peaks which they consume, extinguished be,  
Or turned to smoldering on her vitals feed,  
Till fierce convulsions shall the center to  
The outer throw, making each fruitful plain  
A barren wilderness, yielding no life  
Life to sustain.

Rush from your caves, ye desolating winds,  
And lend assistance to the storm-cloud fierce,  
That waits your aid to sweep with demon wings  
In fury to the trembling plain below,  
The universal gloom to help increase.  
While on those wings to havoc new create  
Ye downward whirl, let bolts sulphureous from  
Your center dart, oh, night-enveloped clouds !  
To make the gloom perceptible by contrast,  
While your artillery from hill to hill  
Echoes with deaf'ning crash confusion's reign  
To usher in.

Break, torrents, from your icy fast'nings,  
And from those cloud-engirdled peaks descend,  
With might resistless, to the warmer vale  
Sweeping down all that your unchannel'd way  
Obstructs, till, where but late proud palaces  
Securely stood, the lightning's fitful glare  
Shall to the wandering gaze of man disclose  
Crag upon crag in wild disorder piled.

Old roaring ocean, shake your shaggy mane,  
And lifting high your age-unconquered head,  
With foaming jaws upon your rival rush  
Until, where now the Andes proudly lift  
To heaven their many snow-capped heads, your huge  
Leviathans shall gambol with their young.

\* \* \* \* \*

Made happy, let chance appear, and to her  
Wayward steed connect this darkened orb,  
While discord holds the loosened reins and laughs  
Aloud to see confusion wild commence ;  
For man acknowledges no more the mind  
That holds the many systems, as it were,  
In one connected, but, selfish himself,  
Seeks selfish God and worships Deity  
Created by himself—nor even then  
Combines, for he of vengeful mind only  
In vengeance his Creator sees, and rears .  
A bloody altar his revenge to bribe,  
With blood of lower grade, nor ceases there,  
But in imagination, with horror  
Fertile, into the future dives, and molds  
From ancient myths a hell of torments, such  
As heathen demons formed in heathen brains—  
Which, o'er the tiger of their tangled wilds  
Scarce raised, would blush to use as prison-house  
For vilest victim—until accustomed  
Long to dwell upon the hell created

By himself, he sees naught but rising flames,  
Whirling in circles 'round a writhing mass  
That once bore impress of Divinity ;  
Peering from which, the countenance of friend  
Whose hand in friendship's holy grasp with his  
Has often met, with awful agony  
Disfigured now, perchance, appears—aye, e'en  
Those by closer ties connected—blood of  
His blood—may, rising 'bove the boiling surge,  
Gaze with reproachful look toward the hand  
That, from them turned, is raised unmindful of  
Their woes in selfish thankfulness toward  
That phantom God, that with their agony  
His revenge has glutted—yet loves to hear  
The wail of tortured souls ever ascending  
Upward from that horrid pit, and justice  
Sees in men created for such doom.

## Altars

By such erected to revenge are held  
Sacred, and on every side are seen ; but  
Pride and jealousy each their altars claim  
Within temples reared to the one—but by  
Gods many used—nor unsuccessful claim  
Present ; for many homage ready stand  
To yield, and swell the shout : “ Great, great is our  
Divinity ;” thus deified becomes  
Each passion base, till to the unthinking  
Mass it virtue seems, and wrong and outrage

Riot hold where love alone should peaceful  
Scepter wield.

What better, then, are they who  
Bow them to such shadowy Gods, than those who  
Hail the orb of day as cheering presence  
Of Divinity—then, as it low sinks  
Behind the western hills, Divinity  
Departing see? The Deity they worship  
Ever smiles when he appears, and wraps the  
Mantling clouds around his face when'er he  
Frowns, that they may not upon his anger  
Gaze; while the fierce God revenge in wrath speaks  
Most, and wanton frowns on every side his  
Followers to hold in awe, and seems in  
Trembling fear delight to take.

What matters it  
That Christian name they bear, while to cruel  
Hate they offer sacrifice, and, virtue  
Neglecting, deify each vice? for light  
They ever ask, then, when the light appears,  
Reject its aid because, like tinsel'd crowns  
Worn by stage-strutting monarchs of an hour,  
Their boasted virtue stands by that light in  
All its worthlessness revealed; for peace  
They pray, then with the selfsame lips defiance  
Hurl on every side the baser passions  
To arouse; for wisdom's presence ask, then,  
When her radiant form appears, load her with

Vilest epithets that she points out a  
Higher, nobler path than that in which they  
Tread, making their daily life a life of  
Contradictions palpable, of brute more  
Worthy than of man. Then let the gods they  
Worship unobstructed reign till chaos  
Claims her own, and they are satisfied to  
Yield them to a God whose statutes infinite  
E'en by himself are held inviolate.

## Trust in God.

HARK ! what dread decree is sounding  
    'Mid the city's bustling throng ?  
Why are hearts with fear rebounding,  
    Why is hushed the cheerful song ?  
Hear that monarch's proclamation  
    Sounding through the silent air :  
"Death to every tongue and nation  
    That shall bow the knee in prayer."

See, in yonder open chamber,  
    Where one bows the humble knee ;  
Fears he not the threatened danger—  
    Heard he not the dread decree ?  
Thinks he that a monarch's favor  
    His defenseless head will shield  
From a law that will not waver—  
    That to kings will never yield ?

'Tis not that the fearful mandate  
    Has not sounded in his ear ;

Nor that hope of monarch's favor  
From his mind has banished fear—  
Well he knows his mortal body  
Will be thrown to raging beast ;  
Still he turns unto his duty,  
Bows him to the favored east.

Though he knows, with envy raging,  
Men are thirsting for his blood ;  
He his heavenly Father trusting,  
Bows himself in prayer to God.  
While his humble voice he's raising,  
Calling on his Father's name,  
Men, with looks of envy gazing,  
Hasten to his guilt proclaim.

What avails that monarch's sorrow ?  
He can not avert the doom ;  
Though he labor till the morrow,  
'Twill not save him from the tomb.  
Though his heart were turned to mercy,  
Though he pity for him feel ;  
The decree of Mede and Persia  
He that passed can ne'er repeal.

Now that man, so pure and holy,  
To devouring beasts is cast ;  
While that monarch's turning, slowly,

To his house to watch and fast.  
Anxious, waits he for the morning—  
Sleep is banished from his eyes ;  
Ready at the early dawning,  
To the cave of death he flies.

With a hopeless voice he's calling,  
Feeling that he calls in vain—  
Sure, he hears a voice replying—  
Beats his heart with hope again :  
“ Live, oh, mighty king, forever !”  
Sounds from out that fearful cave ;  
“ God his servants will deliver,  
He is ever near to save.”

With exceeding joy he listens,  
As he hears that faithful voice ;  
Hastes to free him from his prison,  
Hastens with him to rejoice ;  
While those men with envy burning  
To the angry beasts are thrown—  
Their revenge is on them turning,  
They but reap what they have sown.

Thus, unwavering, to thy duty  
Forward press and never fear ;  
Though revengeful foes surround thee,  
Spirit-guards are ever near ;



Though the poison tongue of slander  
For a while obscures thy light,  
'Twill burst forth in double splendor,  
Scatter every shade of night.

## Awake, my Lute.

AWAKE, my lute, to songs of praise,  
No more attune to mournful lays  
Thy sweet, familiar strings ;  
But sound them now to strains more true,  
Cheerful and bright, as rainbow hue  
Glancing from angel wings

Far, far from every earthly grief,  
In thy sweet chords I'll find relief,  
And from thee never part ;  
For when all else was dark and drear,  
Thy soothing notes would ever cheer  
My bleeding, breaking heart.

Thou wert my best, my truest friend,  
Faithful unto me to the end  
Through all my weary strife ;  
Then thou shalt not neglected lay  
In those bright realms of endless day,  
But wake again to life.

Often, while ling'ring in the form,  
Crushed to the earth beneath the storm  
Of earthly griefs and wrongs,  
I 'woke thy chords to mournful strains,  
Which now on these celestial plains  
I wake to rapture songs.

No more shall sound those notes of grief,  
Which often sounded in my brief  
Sojourn within the form;  
But here, where all is joy and love,  
I'll sweep those chords to bliss above  
And music heaven-born.

Then loud the glorious anthem raise,  
Anew the great Creator praise  
In strains that never cease;  
And while thy friendly chords shall ring,  
Of heavenly love I'll ever sing  
In spheres of endless peace.

## Shadows.

SHADOWS on my soul were falling  
When I left the earthly form ;  
Dark and dismal seemed the future—  
With no shelter from the storm  
That was ever 'round me raging—  
Making desolate my path—  
All my fondest hopes destroying,  
Overturning in it wrath.

Why, I know not, o'er me hanging  
Ever seemed a gloomy pall ;  
Ever drooping to envelop  
All I loved beneath its pall ;  
Even there, so near the borders  
Of the unknown spirit-sphere,  
O'er my soul that shadow hovered,  
Filling it with gloomy fear.

Soon I slumbered ; then awaking  
From a calm, a sweet repose,

Found that gloomy cloud had vanished,  
With it vanished all my woes ;  
Then I saw bright faces gath'ring,  
Whose long absence I had wept ;  
Then I knew I'd crossed the threshold  
To those spirits, while I slept—

Crossed and left behind my sorrows  
With that feeble, worn-out frame ;  
Then I looked, with joy and wonder,  
At the form from which I came—  
Joyful that my griefs were ended,  
Ended with that parting breath—  
Wond'ring why my spirit trembled  
Even at the thought of death.

Death, what is it but a blessing  
To the weary, weary heart ?  
Calling it to brighter mansions,  
Never more from friends to part !  
Still we meet it with a shudder,  
Tremble when we feel it near,  
Struggle hard 'gainst its advances  
With an agonizing fear.

Near the happy day 's approaching  
When mankind the truth shall see,  
Look not upon death with terror,  
But as one that sets them free ;

Free from sickness, pain, and sorrow,  
Free forever from all grief;  
Leads them to that happy country  
Where the weary find relief;

Find relief from every burden,  
On that bright, celestial shore;  
Sin and folly then forsaking,  
Pressing forward evermore:  
Then, above the grave exulting,  
Shout with thy expiring breath—  
“Oh, grave! where is thy victory?  
Where is thy sting, oh, death?”

## Weep not for the Dead.

REJOICE for the day,  
When that mansion of clay  
The spirit no longer confines ;  
When 'tis free to arise  
To its home in the skies,  
Where love's light eternally shines.

When a spirit oppressed  
Flies away to the rest  
It sought for in vain on the earth,  
And forgets every wrong  
In the triumphant song  
That welcomes the new angel-birth ;

When it leaves all its fears,  
All its sad, bitter tears  
Behind with the moldering form ;  
For bright regions of bliss,  
Leaves a world of distress,  
And bids a farewell to earth's storm—

Why, why do ye mourn  
For that spirit's return—  
Why wish it again with its cares ?  
See! e'en now as it roves  
Through those mansions above,  
New garments of beauty it wears.

Once 'twas shrouded in gloom,  
Deep and dark as the tomb,  
Of light not a glimmering ray ;  
Now it dwells with the blest,  
And forever will rest  
In eternal regions of day.

Once, o'erburdened with care,  
And weighed down with despair,  
Of hope and of comfort bereft—  
Now, 'tis gazing with love  
On those angels above,  
Forgetting the sorrows it's left.

Then no longer weep  
For the loved ones that sleep—  
Though taken away from thy sight ;  
For you'll meet them again,  
Free from anguish and pain,  
In mansions of eternal light.



## We are Free.

WE are free, we are free from our prisons of clay ;  
Free, to roam through the regions of eternal day ;  
No longer confined to those gross, earthly forms,  
We're safe from earth's trials, far, far from its storms—  
From its dark storms of passion, its sorrows, its tears  
Forever we're free ; then farewell to our fears—  
Never more shall we suffer with anguish distressed,  
See our plans o'erturned, all our efforts unblessed,  
For from all that can hinder our progress we're free,  
Then "right onward and upward" our motto shall be,  
Yes, onward and upward to meet the bright throngs  
Who will welcome our progress with triumphant songs ;  
Nor e'en there will we rest, but for ever progress,  
Ever gaining fresh knowledge to comfort and bless ;  
Through scenes ever roaming of beauty and joy,  
There we'll first find true happiness without alloy,  
And as we press onward in wisdom and love,  
While gaining, still grasping for knowledge above,  
We will not forget the loved ones in the form  
Who still are exposed to earth's pitiless storm ;

But gather around to encourage and cheer,  
With kind words of comfort from this happy sphere,  
While imparting to them sweet lessons of peace  
The fountains of wisdom for us will increase—  
Forever increase, until we have progressed  
Where sin never comes, where the weary find rest ;  
From earth's false-hearted friends, its trouble and strife,  
Find rest from its sorrows in eternal life ;  
Then will we rejoice that we've gained the bright land,  
Nor refuse to those left the encouraging hand.

## Gone Before.

I AM happy, dearest parents,  
In this glorious world of light ;  
Could you wish me to return then,  
Where day oft is changed to night ?

Blissful spirits round me gather,  
Spirits from the heavenly spheres,  
And with them I'm near thee ever,  
Ever to dispel thy fears.

Oh, what joy for me to see thee !  
Hear thee ! ever near thee stay !  
But what bliss to meet and welcome  
Thee to realms of endless day !

Oh, what pleasure ! oh, what rapture  
With thee o'er these fields to roam !  
Never faint and never weary—  
Endless space our future home

Scenes of beauty, ever rising  
    Upon the enraptured sight ;  
Ever changing, ever changing,  
    Never hid by veil of night.

Then, dear parents, do not mourn me,  
    Think not of me with the dead ;  
Only gone awhile before thee,  
    Through the path that all must tread.

## The Child's Prayer.

HAPPY voices oft are singing ;  
Words of love are often ringing ;  
Welcome faces, brightly gleaming,  
Smile upon me when I'm dreaming—  
Come they from the courts of heaven ?  
Am I to their keeping given ?

Tell me if those forms so loving  
That with noiseless step are moving,  
And my path are guarding ever,  
That are absent from me never,  
Left those happy, shining bowers  
For this world of gloomy showers ?

Tell me, for my heart is glowing,  
And with love is ever flowing—  
I my voice would fain be raising  
Their untiring love in praising—  
Love Infinite tells the story  
Then to it belongs the glory.

## Infantile Devotions.

SOFTLY evening shades are stealing,  
Where a lovely cherub kneeling,  
    Lisps her little prayer  
And a look, almost of heaven,  
To her angel-face is given—  
    Trusting hope is there.

“Heavenly Father, far above me,  
Though I can not see, I love thee  
    For thy kindly care ;  
Tell me if dear father, mother,  
And my little smiling brother,  
    In thy presence are ?

For around me when I'm dreaming,  
Come three faces, happy, beaming,  
    And I know them well ;  
When they come, sweet songs are ringing,  
Are they in thy presence singing ?  
    Heavenly Father, tell.”

# NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN,

300 Broadway, New York.

---

## **Brittan and Richmond's Discussion.**

Four hundred pages, octavo. This work contains twenty-four letters from each of the parties above named, embodying a great number of facts and arguments, *pro* and *con*, designed to illustrate the Spiritual Phenomena of all ages, but especially the modern Manifestations. To insure a wide circulation, the work is offered at the low price of \$1.

## **The Present Age and the Inner Life;**

Being a Sequel to Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. This is an elegant book, of near 300 pages octavo, illustrated. Price \$1, postage 23 cents.

## **Discourses from the Spirit-World,**

Dictated by Stephen Olin, through Rev. R. P. Wilson, Writing Medium. To do good is the Golden Rule of the Universe. This is an interesting volume of some 200 pages. Price 63 cents.

## **The Spiritual Telegraph, Vol. I.**

A few copies complete, bound in a substantial manner—contains the fullest record of the facts, etc., of the Spiritual movement that has yet been published. Price \$3.

## **The Shekinah, Vol. II.**

Embellished with Six Portraits. Edited by S. B. Brittan. The work is elegantly printed and bound in muslin, at \$1 50.

## **Brittan's Review of Beecher's Report,**

Wherein the conclusions of the latter are carefully examined and tested by a comparison with his premises and with the facts. Price 25 cents.

## **The Telegraph Papers.**

Volume I., some 400 pages, 12mo., consists of all the more important articles which have appeared in the Second Volume of the Telegraph, from May to July inclusive 1853. Price 75 cents.

## **Philosophy of the Spirit-World.**

Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Price 63 cents, postage 12 cents.

## **A Chart,**

Exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching Destiny of the Race. Bound, or on rollers. By A. J. Davis. Price \$1 75.

**The Philosophy of Special Providences.**

A Vision. By A. J. Davis. Price, 15 cents ; postage, 3 cents.

**The Celestial Telegraph.**

Or, secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism ; wherein the Existence, the Form, and the Occupation of the Soul after its Separation from the Body are proved by many year's Experiments, by the means of eight ecstatic Somnambulists, who had Eighty perceptions of Thirty-six Deceased Persons of various Conditions ; a Description of them, their Conversation, etc., with proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World. By L. A. Cahagnet. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, \$1 00 ; postage, 19 cents.

**Familiar Spirits.**

And Spiritual Manifestations ; being a Series of Articles by Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary. With a Reply, by A. Bingham, Esq., of Boston. Price 25 cents ; postage 3 cents.

**Night Side of Nature.**

Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catharine Crowe. Price, \$1 25 ; postage 20 cents

**Gregory's Lectures on Animal Magnetism.**

Price, \$1 00 ; postage, 17 cents.

**The Macrocosm and Microcosm ;**

Or, the Universe Without and the Universe Within. By William Fishbough. This volume comprehends only the first part, or the Universe Without. Paper, bound, price, 50 cents ; muslin, 75 cents ; postage, 12 cents.

**Arrest, Trial, and Acquittal of Abby Warner,**

For Spirit-Rapping. By Dr. A. Underhill. Price, 12 cents ; postage, 2 cents.

**Physico-Physiological Researches**

In the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relations to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Complete from the German second edition ; with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Ashburner, M.D. ; third American Edition. Published by Partridge & Brittan at the reduced price of \$1 00 ; postage, 20 cents.

**Spiritual Experience of Mrs. Lorin L. Platt,**

Medium. Price, 20 cents ; postage, 3 cents.

**Spirit-Manifestations :**

Being an Exposition of Facts, Principles, etc By Rev. Adin Ballou. Price, 75 cents ; postage, 11 cents,

**piritual Instructor ;**

Containing Facts and the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Price, 38 cents ' postage, 6 cents.

**The Spiritual Teacher.**

By Spirits of the Sixth Circle R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 50 cents ; postage, 7 cents.



**Light From The Spirit World.**

Being written by the control of Spirits. Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Price, 75 cents ; postage, 10 cents.

**The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine.**

Written by the Spirit of Thomas Paine, through C. Hammond, Medium. Paper, price, 50 cents ; muslin, 75 cents ; postage, 12 cents.

**Elements of Spiritual Philosophy.**

R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 25 cents ; postage, 4 cents.

**Stilling's Pneumatology,**

Being a Reply to the Question, What Ought and Ought Not to be Believed or Disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions according to Nature, Reason, and Scripture. Translated from the German ; edited by Prof. George Bush. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 75 cents ; postage, 16 cents.

**Voices from the Spirit-World.**

Isaac Post, Medium. Price, 50 cents ; postage, 10 cents,

**Dr. Esdaile's Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance.**

With the Practical Application of Mesmerism in Surgery and Medicine. (English edition.) Price, \$1 25 ; postage, 10 cents.

**Also, Mesmerism in India.**

By the same Author. Price, 75 cents ; postage, 13 cents.

**Fascination:**

Or, the Philosophy of Charming. By John B. Newman, M.D. Price 40 cents ; postage, 10 cents.

**Shadow-Land:**

Or, the Seer. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Price, 25 cents ; postage 5 cents.

**Supernal Theology.**

Alleged Spiritue' Manifestations. Price, 25 cents ; postage 5 cents.

**Messages from the Superior State.**

Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. Price, 50 cents ; postage, 8 cents.

**Love and Wisdom from the Spirit-World.**

By Jacob Harshman, writing Medium. Price, 60 cents ; postage, 11 cents.

**Seeress of Prevorst.**

A Book of Facts and Revelations concerning the Inner Life of Man and a World of Spirits. By Justinus Kerner. New Edition ; published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 38 cents ; postage, 6 cents.

**Philosophy of Mysterious Agents.**

Human and Mundane ; or, The Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man. By E. C. Rogers. Bound ; price, \$1 00 ; postage, 24 cents.

**The Science of the Soul.**

By Haddock. Price, 25 cents ; postage, 5 cents.

**Sorcery and Magic.**

By Wright. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.

**The Clairvoyant Family Physician.**

By Mrs. Tuttle. Paper, price 75 cents; muslin, \$1 00; postage, 10 cents.

**Answers to Seventeen Objections**

Against Spiritual Intercourse. By John S. Adams. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Paper, price 25 cents; muslin, 28 cents; postage, 7 cents.

**The Approaching Crisis:**

Being a Review of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. By A. J. Davis. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 50 cents; postage, 13 cents.

**Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism.**

By J. P. F. Deleuse. Price, \$1 00; postage, 16 cents.

**Spirit-Minstrel.**

A collection of Ninety familiar Tunes and Hymns, appropriate to Meetings for Spiritual Intercourse. Paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

**Spirit-Voices.**

Dictated by Spirits, for the use of Circles. By E. C. Henck, Medium. Price, paper, 38 cents; muslin, 50 cents. postage, 6 cents.

**Buchanan's Journal of Man.**

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Anthropological Science, by which the Constitution of Man is determined through Phrenological and Psychological Developments. Price, per annum, \$2 00; single copies, 25 cents; postage, 3 cents.

**Baecher's Report on the Spiritual Manifestations,**

To the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. Price, paper 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 3 and 6 cents.

**The Ministry of Angels Realized.**

By A. E. Newton, Boston. Price 12 cents postage 1 cent.

**Amaranth Blooms.**

A Collection of embodied Poetical Thoughts, by Mrs. S. S. Smith. Price 6½ cents. postage 8 cents.

**Reply to a Discourse**

Of Rev. S. W. Lind, D.D., President Western Baptist Theological Institute, Covington, Kentucky, by P. E. Bland, A.M., St. Louis. Price 15 cents, postage 2 cents.

**The Harmonial Man:**

Or, Thoughts for the Age. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price 30 cents, postage 6 cents.

**Biography of Mrs. Samantha Mettler,**

And an account of the Wonderful Cures performed by her. By Francis H. Green. Harmonial Association, publishers. Price, paper 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

**PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, Publishers,**

**No. 300 Broadway, New York.**

# Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Library.

---

OUR list of Books embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of THE SHEKINAH and SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

## **The Shekinah, Vol. I.**

By S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers, is devoted chiefly to an Inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Relations of MAN. It treats especially of the Philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and contains interesting Facts and profound Expositions of the Psychical Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. This volume contains, in part, the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul; the Interesting Visions of Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Lives and Portraits of Seers and Eminent Spiritualists; *Fac-similes* of Mystical Writings, in Foreign and Dead Languages, through E. P. Fowler, etc. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Bound in muslin, price \$2 50; elegantly bound in morocco, lettered and gilt in a style suitable for a gift book, price \$3 00; postage 34 cents.

## **Nature's Divine Revelations, etc.**

By A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant. Price, \$2 00; postage, 43 cents.

## **The Great Harmonia, Vol. I.**

The Physician. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 25; postage, 20 cents.

## **The Great Harmonia, Vol. II.,**

The Teacher. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.

## **The Great Harmonia, Vol. III.,**

The Seer. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.

## **The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse.**

By A. J. Davis. Price, 50 cents; postage, 9 cents.

**Spiritualism by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter.**

THE FIRST PART consists of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the Spiritual experience of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, through whose mediumship this book has been given to the public.

THE SECOND PART is a faithful record of numerous interviews with Spirits claiming to be EMANUEL SWEDENBORG and LORD BACON, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of Spirits.

PART THIRD is a copious Appendix, embracing the experience and observation of Hon. N. P. TALLMADGE, late United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, Correspondence, etc. The work is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, DRAWN BY A SPIRIT, engraved on steel, illustrative of the departure of a Spirit from the earth-sphere; also, six pages of *fac-similes* of Spirit-writing, and other engraved illustrations. The work is a splendid octavo of over 500 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and bound, for \$1 25. Postage, 80 cents.—PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN.

**A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg;**

Being a Systematic and Orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works; selected from more than Thirty Volumes, and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with copious Illustrations and Teachings. With an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full Life of the Author; with a brief View of all his Works on Science, Philosophy, and Theology. Partridge & Brittan, General Agent. Price \$2. Postage, 45 cents.

**The Telegraph Papers.**

Vol. I.; edited by S. B. Brittan. This volume of miscellanies comprises all the important articles published in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH for the three months ending August 1st, 1853—over 400 pages, 12 mo. Price 75 cents.

**The Telegraph Papers.**

Vol. II.; edited by S. B. Brittan. This book contains all the important facts and disquisitions published in the weekly paper from August to November, 1853—over 500 pages, 12 mo. Price 75 cents.

**Proceedings of the Hartford Bible Convention.**

Reported phonographically by Andrew J. Graham. Published for the Committee; 383 pages, 12 mo. Price 75 cents. Postage, 17 cents.

**The Birth of the Universe.**

Being a Philosophical Exposition of the Origin, Unfoldings, and Ultimate of Creation, by and through R. P. Ambler. Price 50 cents. Postage, 9 cents.

**Spirit-Intercourse.**

Containing Incidents of Personal Experience while investigating the new phenomena of Spirit-thought and action; with various Spirit-communications through himself as medium. By Herman Snow, late Unitarian minister at Montague, Massachusetts. Price 60 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

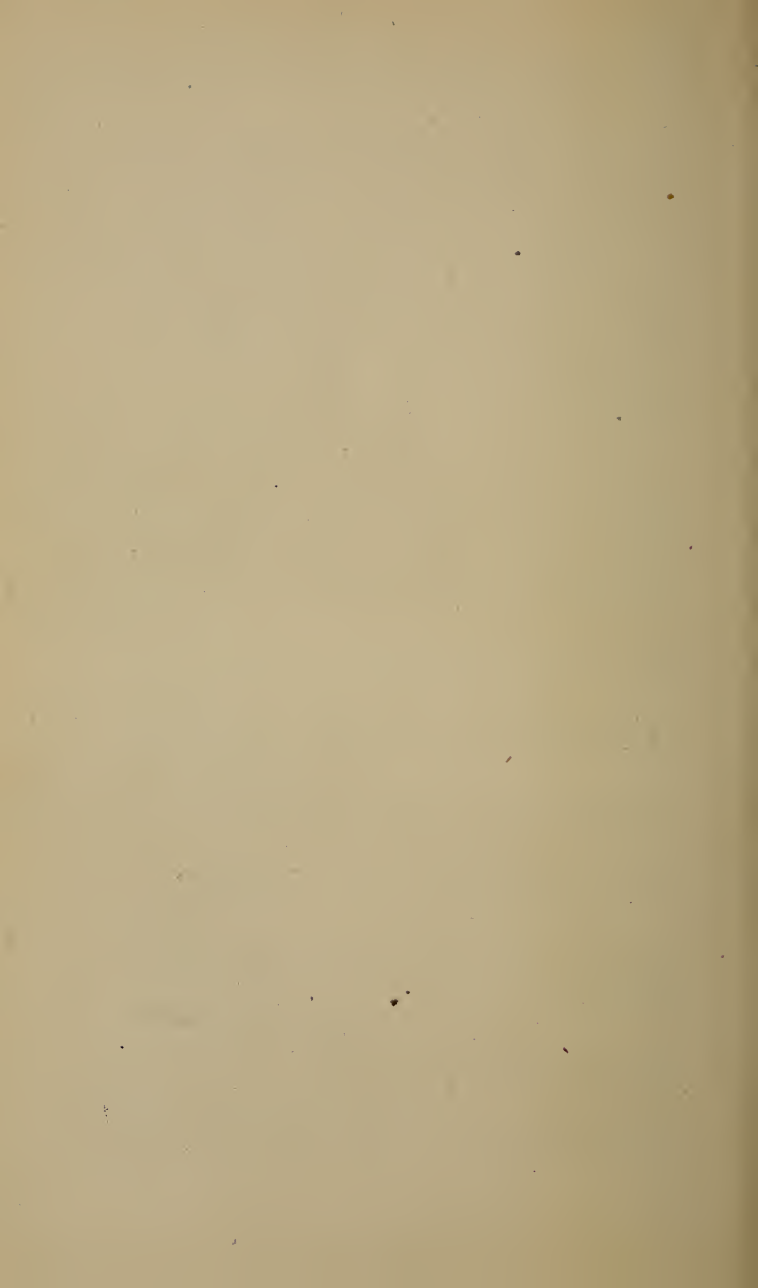
**Spirit-works Real, but not Miraculous.**

A Lecture, read at the City Hall in Roxbury, Mass., by A. Putnam. Price 25 cents. Postage, 3 cents.

**A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible.**

Being an Exposition of the Principles involved in some of the most remarkable Facts and Phenomena recorded in Revelation; by Rev. E. D. Rendell. Price 75 cents. Postage, 17 cents.

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 103 9

